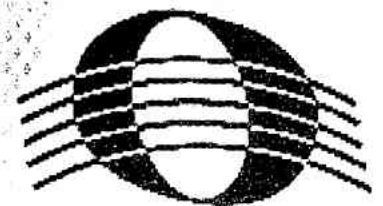


WORONI

ISSUE 1
MARCH 2007

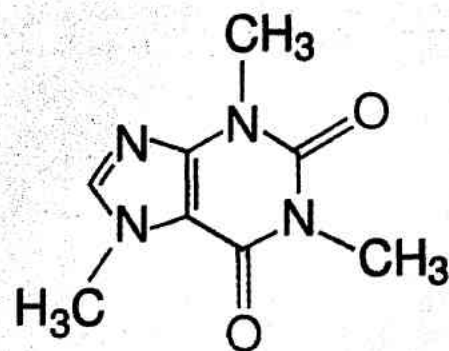
WORONI PROUDLY SUPPORTED BY:



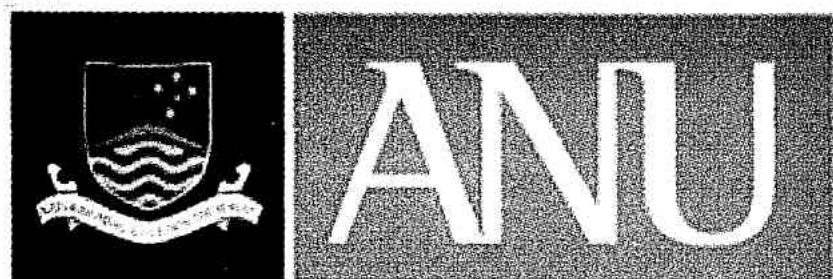
DAVIS • WHEELER
music



University Co-operative
Bookshop Limited



BIG POND[®]
WIRELESS BROADBAND



THE AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY



If you would like to advertise with Woroni contact
our advertising agent, Pia, on 0422 377 469, or at
Woroni@anu.edu.au

BECOME LITERATE IN INFORMATION

Not feeling on top of the computing and information skills you need for uni? Free training courses are available to ensure that you have the information searching, information management and information technology skills that you need to study at ANU.

Find the training you need.

Pick up the Learn How Guide to Free Training or visit the Information Literacy Program website: <http://ilp.anu.edu.au>

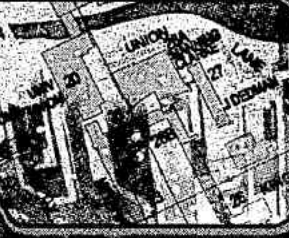


STUDY ON CAMPUS

There are 1 000 computers available in Information Commons across the campus from which you can check your email, use the internet, print your lecture notes and access all of your online course materials. Both Macs and PC are available in a variety of locations.

Know where to find a computer.

Pick up the Pocket iGuide



NOT ALL CHALK AND TALK

Lecturers at ANU use an array of technology along with the standard chalkboard. Your lecturer may use:

- WebCT through which you can access electronic course notes and participate in online discussions
- Digital Lecture Delivery to record your lectures so you can listen to them online and download them as Mp3s
- Electronic Reserve to make Library materials available electronically and even make your Reading Brick available online

Learn how to access your course materials.

Pick up the Student iGuide



STILL NOT ON TOP OF THE TECHNOLOGY?

AskANU is your first point of call for help with any of the ANU Information Services. Consultants can assist you with your ANU email account, changing passwords, software queries, basic library questions and much more. You can get face-to-face help at the AskANU Desk in the Chifley Library or visit <http://ask.anu.edu.au>

Get the help you need.

Pick up the Student iGuide, the Pocket iGuide and the Learn How guide from the AskANU Desk in Chifley



GET ON TOP OF THE TECHNOLOGY

DIVISION OF INFORMATION

woroni issue two

7

news

14

feature
articles

24

storm

33

0-week

39

chicken gourmet

ad

40

salsa

53

what's on

55

comp!

Editorial



Pete: Ah, issue two. Issue one is always a frenzy of frantic keyboard thumping, deadlines getting roughly moved around, and a lot of dirty words flying around the office - then a good cigarette afterwards.



Will: Um, okay dude. I'm not sure I remember it like that, but okay. So, this issue is looking pretty good. Lots of O-week pictures, which I'm sure the kids are going to love.



Peter: Yep, this issue is much more considerate than the last one. Slower, longer, hotter...

Will: Right. Thanks dude. So, the storm sure helped out with content. We've got Ben's article and some climate change stuff- very topical.



Peter: That article on Japan is hot. Naughty even.

Will: Um, yeah... That literature in conflict piece got me thinking...

Peter: Iranian's are hot.

Will: Okay, now you're not even trying. Salsa, as always, looks good- props to the reviewers.

Peter: If you say *Woroni* slowly it sounds kinky. Listen... *Woroni*

Will: Diddy, you're a bit disappointed we're not doing a sex issue, huh?

Peter: Yeah man. I'm hurting.



Editors: Peter Davis and Will Glasgow

Design and layout: Georgina Edwards

Advertising: Pia Dupont

Photographers: Nathan Webster, Ed Kearney, Laura Rahn, Dane Mair

Thanks: Jancis Cunliffe, Matt Collins, James Lumbers, Megan "Bitch Pants" McKeough, Nick Craven, Michelle, god.

You should contact us. Try,

WORONI

C/o ANUSA

Student Facilities Building 17

AUSTRALIAN NATIONAL UNIVERSITY

ACT 0200

or (02) 6248 7127 or woroni@anu.edu.au

WORONI is the official publication of the ANU Students' Association.

Opinions are not necessarily those of the editors or ANUSA.

WORONI

Hi everyone,

I'm surprised that I'm still alive after O-week, and given what I've heard about Fantasy Island, I'm surprised that you all are too!

What an amazing O-week. A huge amount of gratitude and congratulation is owed to everyone who helped out with organising and running O-week. In particular, I would like to publicly thank Madeleine Firth, Sarah Lynch, Helen Zhang and Duncan McGrath for putting on such a great week. Despite the loss of funding of O-week as a result of VSU, the O-week team worked tirelessly with our fantastic sponsorship officer, Ben Pynt, to gain the requisite funds to ensure that the traditional O-week events were as big and exciting as ever. I would also like to thank all new and returning students who turned up to our events. I hope you all enjoyed participating in the week as much as ANUSA enjoyed organising it.

By now, ANUSA will have held its first of many fortnightly BBQs in Union Court. These BBQs will happen every second Thursday throughout the term, at 1pm. This is a great chance for elected representatives to get to meet you, and find out your thoughts on a series of issues that we discuss with the university.

Our focus for the next month or so will be on the following issues:

1. Lecture taping

We are in the midst of writing a submission to the university about lecture taping, and we need your help! We want to find out who tapes their lectures and who doesn't. If you have a lecture that isn't presently taped, and the taping of that lecture would help you out, please let us know! Please email Anna Verney at sa.vicepres@anu.edu.au with a complaint, suggestion or anecdote!

2. Laptop leasing scheme

We are trying to organise a scheme by which students can buy a laptop by way of a lease. This would mean that you could take possession of the laptop, and pay it off in small weekly payments.

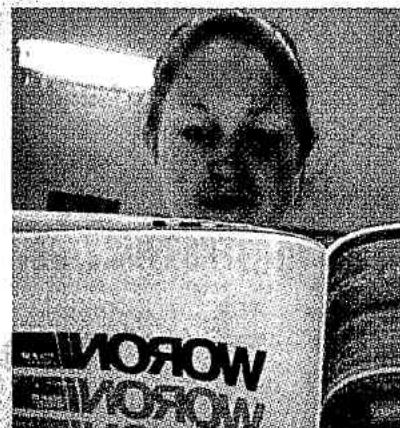
We are in discussion with the university about this scheme and also discussing the idea with companies such as Dell, who have successfully operated something similar in overseas universities.

3. Group Study Rooms

Due to the severe shortage of group study rooms in the libraries, ANUSA has arranged for a series of rooms to be made available to students between 6pm and midnight on weekdays and all day during weekends. The rooms are spread out across the campus, and all have wireless Internet. To book one of these group study rooms, please come into our office. We will then get your university ID swipe card activated so that you can access the room.

As a final reminder, the ANUSA office is a space belonging to students. Please use the common room to watch TV, do some work on a computer, or cook your lunch in the kitchen! Please also feel free to drop by my office at any time to chat to me about what's happening on campus, have a big whinge, or just say hello!

Checkout the ANUSA website: <http://sa.anu.edu.au>. Isn't it something?



WORONI NEWS

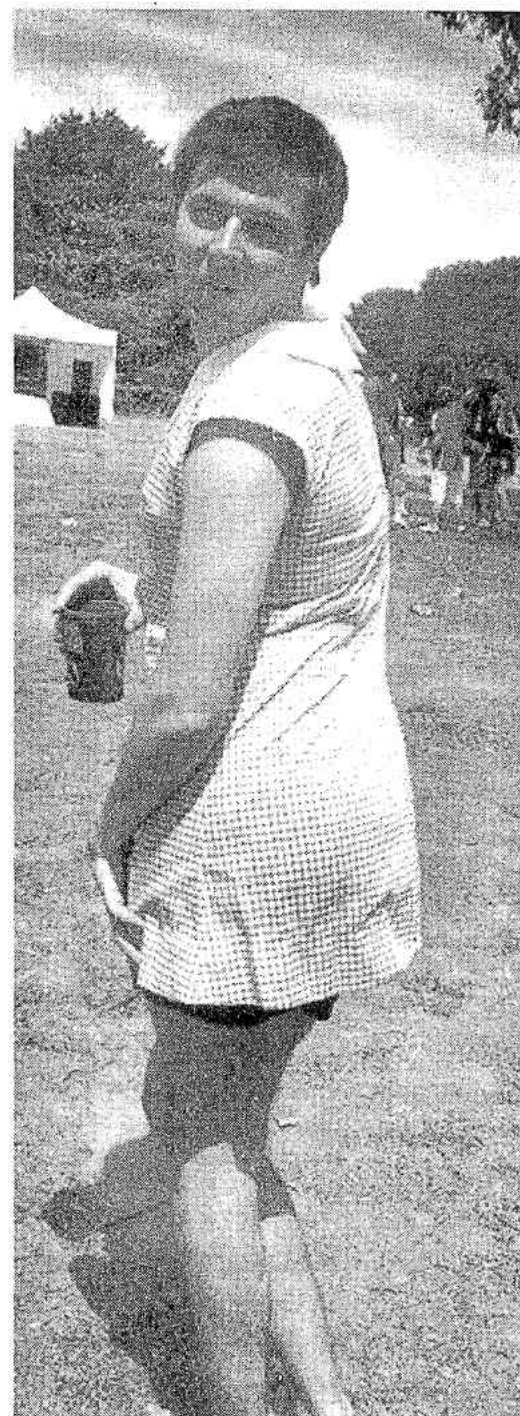
BEST LOOKING INTAKE, EVER!

The ANU's 2007 student intake has been dubbed 'the best looking ever' by a number of senior students.

The observation was first aired on P-day by a third-year student, involved in the day's organisation, who noted to a co-worker, 'these kids are pretty good looking'. The remarks continued throughout O-week events, with market day and the pub-crawl both generating large positive responses for the new cohort.

Male first years have been said to be better dressed, and of a finer physique than those from previous years. The new female students have also garnered praise for their fresh complexions, and stylish haircuts.

Some, however, remain unconvinced. Jancis, a sixth year Arts/Law student, was eager to qualify the praise. 'I've been around the track a few times and let me say this: they're not a patch on the 2002 intake. They were something, with their shiny eyes and pert bodies. I don't like this lots oversize sunglasses either. They look ridiculous.'



Note the fine physique

SLOGAN SUCCESS

A recently released ANU Student Association paper has revealed that hundreds of ANU students found themselves at O-week events they would not otherwise have attended after reading ANUSA's 2007 O-week slogan, 'You'll never never know if you never never go'.

'I never go to carnivals,' said one ANU student at carnival day, 'but then I read the slogan and thought, go on!'

The paper also reveals that the phrase has entered the campus dialect. Hearings have been reported weeks outside of its scheduled usage period. 'Sometimes, when my friends are all, "I'm not coming out tonight", I'll just bust it out,' said Ben, a day student. 'It's a great slogan'.

The paper's authors have tentatively called it the most successful ANUSA slogan since 2004's, 'Everyone can get involved'. 1989's slogan, 'Baby Don't Forget My Number', coined at the height of Milli Vanilli's international chart success, was not mentioned.

WORONI NEWS

5-DAY WEEK-END

Although many ANU students have named the 5-day weekend one of the all time great weather events, others have complained that they did not make the 5-day weekend "pay".

Numerous students remarked that the mini-holiday was underwhelming, blaming lack of preparedness and high expectations for their disappointment. "When I first heard, I was like, sweet! But then I panicked," said Samantha. "Soon, it was Monday, and I'd had a pretty routine weekend. I really feel it could have been better, you know?"

Others had no such complaints. "I watched three seasons of *Seinfeld*," said engineering student Andrew. "Perfect."



WHY US?

In the aftermath of the horrific hailstorm of Feb 27, Canberra citizens have started asking, why?

Some ANU academics have offered climate change as an answer. "We can say with some confidence that global warming would have influenced the storms we've seen right here," said ANU paleoclimatologist Dr Bradley Opdyke. "Maybe these things didn't happen 20 years ago."

However, not all scientists agree with the doctor's hypothesis. Nor does first-year science student John. "I'll tell you what it is," he offered. "It's guys jerking off in the level four Chifley toilets. I hear it every afternoon. It's disgusting."

Many in the science community have expressed their doubts with the undergrad's hypothesis, claiming the link to be tenuous at best. However, that the fourth level of the library was one of the most damaged areas suggests the theory deserves further consideration.

For the time being, Chifley librarians have asked students to "take their filth to the Hancock" until the science has settled.



It's disgusting

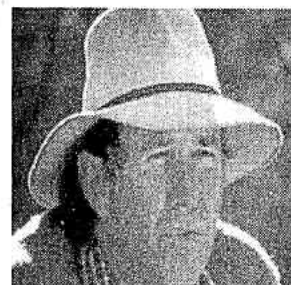
ANU ECOLOGIST MAKES MONEY GROW ON TREES

An auction system for carbon credits, similar to eBay and championed by the ANU's Dr Phillip Gibbons, would see farmers earn carbon credits for bushland they preserve and new trees they plant on their properties.

The system would reward

farmers for planting and conserving native bush on their properties and provide a source of carbon credits for companies and individuals seeking to offset their greenhouse gas emissions.

"Tits," said Jim Daley, a Murrumbateman hydroponic tomato farmer. "That sounds tits".



HOW GOOD ARE ANU SCIENTISTS?

A simple process pioneered by an ANU plant chemist could help to remove harmful levels of cyanide from the diets of millions of people in the developing world.

Dr Howard Bradbury from the School of Botany and Zoology in the ANU College of Science has developed a way to remove the poison from cassava flour. The cassava plant (tapioca), is the staple food of nearly 1000 million people in Africa, South America, Asia and the Pacific.

"Cyanide is a toxic poison," Dr Bradbury said. "If a human ingests five grams of potassium cyanide, they would be dead in a few minutes."

"By mixing the flour with water into a thick paste and then letting it stand in the shade for five hours in a thin layer spread over a basket, the swollen flour allows an enzyme in the flour to break down the cyanide compound," Dr Bradbury said. "It's all so simple that it seems like a gift from God."

MENINGOCOCCAL DISEASE STILL A REAL BASTARD

An ANU specialist has called for more research into the effect of the routine meningococcal vaccine on other throat and nasal infections found in the community, such as sore throats, ear infections, tonsillitis and pneumonia.

Epidemiologist Dr Mahomed Patel said that an analysis of historical patterns of meningococcal incidence should also be examined to better understand, and further prevent, the bacterial infection.

"The meningococcal vaccine has been effective since its introduction in 2003, but the incidence of the disease is still higher than 20 years ago. We could do better," Dr Patel said.

WORONI EDITORS RUN OUT OF MATERIAL FOR NEWS

Only two issues into their eight issue stint, the 2007 *Woroni* editors have run out of news material.

"I really thought we'd be able to fill three pages this issue," Pete (editor) remarked. "We were doing pretty well until the third column of the third page. Then we were like, shit."

An inside source reveals the pair considered running another storm article, claiming Will had remarked, "the kids love that shit". However, the article was pulled.

It is believed they then considered running a story about one of their friends who, with help of his mum, had sighted former Australian Idol contestant Chanel Cole, however this was also shelved.

At this stage it remains uncertain what will appear in the column. "If I know those two, they'll probably write some self-referencing bullshit. I hate those guys," ANU treasurer Shobaz Kandola commented. "And while you're here, did you know that some ANU students have to eat peanut butter sandwiches? I read it in the *Canberra Times*."

Well, thats not strictly true. We're not after just anyone: we do have certain standards. But, yeah, we are after some you. You, the talented writer; you, the bitchin photographer; you, guy with a tweed jacket building a basic camera out of but a humble piece of string and a button- were after all of you. Tweedy, could you build us a fan? Our office gets quite muggy. Writer and Photographer, just send your stuff to woroni@anu.edu.au. Alternatively, pop into our office in the SA building. Like i said, a bit clammy, but weve been to worse places.

WORONI WANTS YOU!

WORONI CONTRIBUTOR TESTIMONIAL



HI, MY NAME'S TERRY. UP UNTIL A FEW MONTHS AGO, I'D NEVER WRITTEN FOR WORONI. LET ME TELL YOU, I WASN'T DOING SO WELL. I WAS LONELY, I DIDN'T HAVE A JOB, AND MY GIRLFRIEND HAD LEFT ME FOR THE FORMER BASS-PLAYER IN MY BAND. YEAH, TIMES SURE WEREN'T PEACHY. BUT THEN I WROTE A LITTLE SOMETHING IN WORONI, ISSUE 1 2007 (YOU MIGHT HAVE READ IT, IT WAS ABOUT CANBERRA.) ANYWAY, SINCE IT GOT PUBLISHED MY LIFE HAS REALLY TAKEN OFF. I'VE MEET LOADS OF GREAT PEOPLE. I'M IN THE BEST SHAPE I'VE EVER BEEN IN. MY BAND, DREAMS, LIES, AND CHEAP LEATHER GOODS, HAS STARTED TO GET RADIO PLAY. AND I'VE STARTED A SUCCESSFUL WALKING TOUR BUSINESS. WILL I WRITE FOR THOSE GUYS AGAIN? OF COURSE I WILL! AND YOU SHOULD TOO.

As 2007 is an election year it is vitally important that we let the public - and the federal Parliament - know our vision for the future of tertiary education. Under the Howard government, we have seen a decrease of funding for universities, and as a result, an increase in student fees.

It is my opinion that the cumulative effect of Howard's legislation has threatened the quality and accessibility of university education in Australia. First, students were dealt a blow when a 10% GST was applied to textbooks, which weren't seen as an "essential good" (try telling my law lecturer that they're not essential)!

Then students had to contend with Centrelink policy that makes it very difficult for students to qualify as 'independent': forcing them to live below the poverty line in order to maintain welfare benefits. This policy has forced many students to work longer hours and spend less time studying in an attempt to earn just under \$18,000 in 18 months.

We then had VSU, which has denied our clubs and societies the \$80,000 in grants that they could previously apply for, and totally stripped ANUSA departments of funding.

Most recently, Workchoices legislation has forced students to work longer hours, in poorer conditions, for less pay. Students who work for businesses who employ fewer than 100 employees (almost every business in Canberra offering casual work!) are now unable to challenge an unfair dismissal, meaning that students feel insecure in their jobs and could be left without enough money to survive at university without any warning.

And just this year, despite the ANU's best efforts to keep university education as cheap as possible, the federal government has forced an increase of HECS fees by 25%.

You may disagree with my argument, or think that Howard's policies have merit. I believe, however, that even if you agree with Howard's policies, it is clear that their application to university students threatens the ability of poorer students to gain a degree and develop to their full intellectual potential.

On 2 May, campuses around the country will be holding events to involve students in a campaign for quality education. We don't want the National Day of Action to be about a small group of screaming students waving placards. It doesn't have to be about getting rid of Howard, it doesn't even have to be partisan. The National Day of Action is a day when every student, regardless of political persuasion, can show their support for lower university fees, the abolition of GST on textbooks, and social conditions that don't prevent the best and brightest students from studying at the ANU.

For our National Day of Action efforts, ANUSA will be organising a range of food stalls, some music and entertainment, and a political debate on these crucial issues. We would also like to get a group of students to travel to Parliament House alongside students from UC, to chat to some politicians about the challenges facing university students of 2007.

A detailed program for the National Day of Action will be available in the next Woroni. For now, please get in touch with our National Day of Action Committee and let them know how you want your views represented on the day, or even offer to help out! Please email sa.education@anu.edu.au.

**The National Union of Students (NUS)
National Day of Action will be on
2 May 2007. See you there!**

Get Some Action

More From your President, Claudia Neumann-Martin



The ANU Drama department in conjunction with Moonlight present

THE VAGINA MONOLOGUES

Directed by Virginia Savage

Artwork by Emma Beer

Starring Jo Craig, Cathy Hanes, Alice MacEvoy and Siobhan Slocombe

Eve Ensler's play *The Vagina Monologues* is both a celebration of femininity and a means of protecting it. Audience members will laugh out loud, shift uncomfortably and feel genuinely moved by the stories of women of all ages, races, backgrounds and sexualities.

Ladies; its not often you get to sit and think about your vagina for 2 hours. Most of you probably have no idea how funny, awe-inspiring, weird and wonderful they can be. This is your chance to discover yourself in a whole new light!

Gentlemen; I am well aware you don't have vaginas, however, its more than likely you will come across one at some stage of your life and this is your opportunity to learn something exciting and potentially helpful. Take notes.

No matter your previous convictions, ideals, opinions and experiences you will enjoy yourself. Plus, it's for a good cause. The V-Day season only comes once a year so join in and help us raise awareness about violence against women.

When and where: 23, 24 and 25 March 8pm at the ANU drama lab (Just next to the God's Café)

How much: Tickets available from the Box Office (also next to the Gods café) on Mondays, Wednesdays and Fridays. \$10 or \$8 for students.

The cause: In support of the V-day foundation, all proceeds go to charities supporting women in crisis zones and to the Canberra Rape Crisis Centre.

Contact: Virginia Savage, the organiser of the 2007 ANU V-Day campaign at vdayanu@hotmail.com

What's Doing on the Hill?

In what must be a pleasant change, former ABC news anchor Maxine McKew has been receiving a lot of press in the last few days. And not because she has comprehensively routed another junior Minister on national television, but because she has formally joined the Australian Labor Party and is in the race for the Prime Minister's seat of Bennelong.

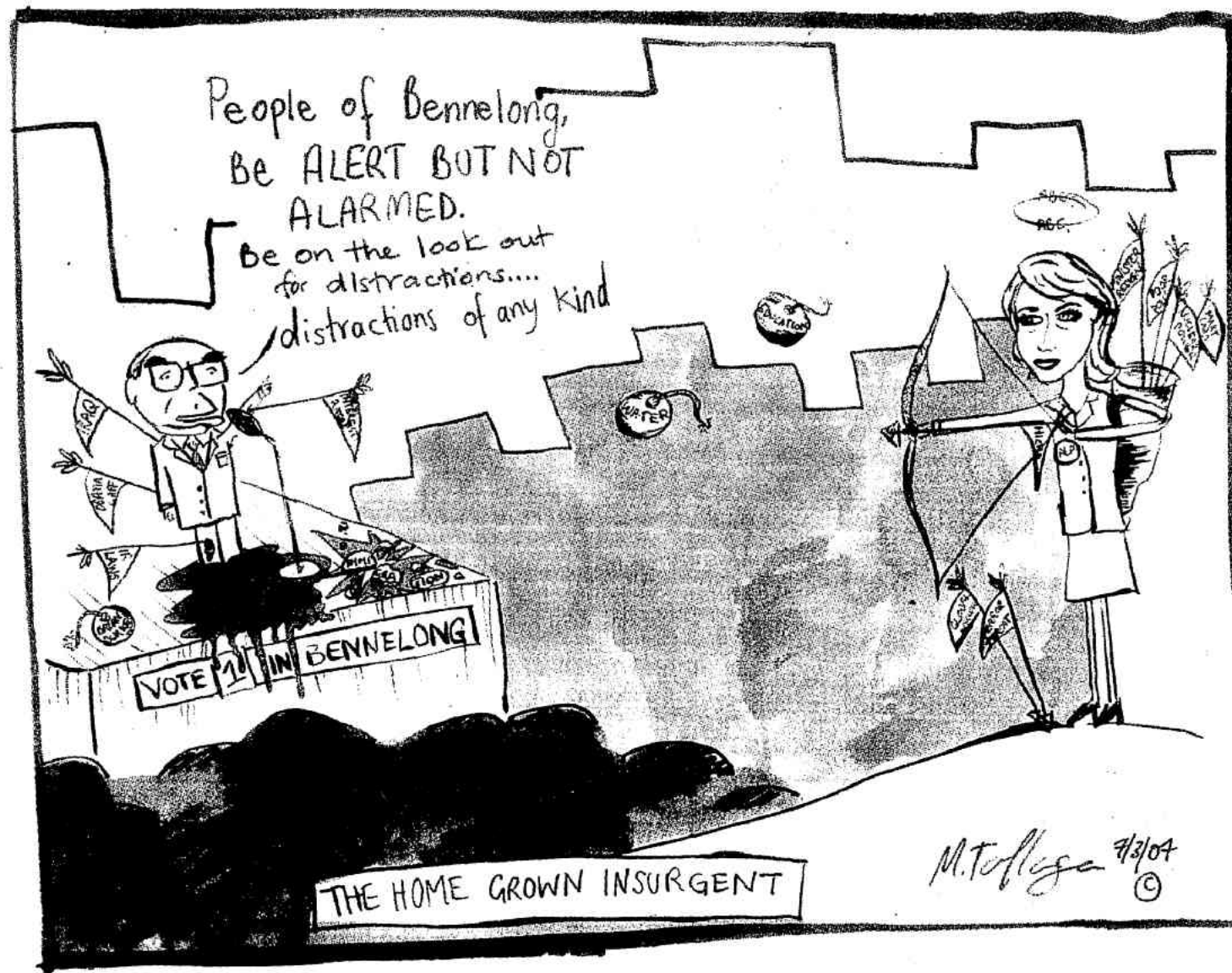
Most people, including the Australian Electoral Commission (AEC), will tell you that Bennelong is a marginal seat. What they don't tell you is that on first preference, Howard won over 20% (around 12,000) more votes than Nicole Campbell, the ALP candidate at the last federal election. With preferences of independents that are not guaranteed to run again this year, Campbell ended up losing by a four per cent margin after a number of eliminations. While Howard might not be a shoe-in later on in the year, McKew is not even assured a shoe in the first place and should consider whether politics is the real end goal.

One must also bear in mind that the AEC has recently cut new boundaries for Bennelong, as with most Sydney electorates. The problem for Howard is that the new boundaries give him less base support than the last time around. On the other side, any Labor candidate is bound to benefit not from raw support but from Green and Independent preferences.

The Australian reported on the 2007 Morgan poll that inferred the demise of Howard were an election to be held directly after the redrawing of electoral boundaries this year. But polls are generally no fair representation of the demographic. Only willing parties participate, and most of those are registered members of political parties. The most important voters in the region and the country are the swing voters who will decide in the week directly before the election on platform rather than political persuasion.

Factors for Howard are fairly clear-cut. No Prime Minister has been ousted from office by loss of seat since Stanley Bruce in 1929. Howard is the most experienced campaigner in the country, and by the by, he happens to run the country. Most people would be hesitant to dishonourably discharge Howard from Australian politics simply because of the dogfight for the Liberal leadership were the Libs to retain power. While most assume Costello is guaranteed the leadership position once Howard is out, there is no reason to believe that this is the case. While Abbott, the other obvious candidate for leadership, is not likely to pursue a challenge, MP Malcolm Turnbull and Senator Nick Minchin are definitely in the race. Watch out though, boys. You're not there yet.

BENJAMIN PYNT



WORONI

THAT WHICH IS BEGOTTEN - LITERATURE OF CRISIS AND CONFLICT

BY EBONY WIMMLER

"And what about the situation in Chechnya?" is a question we would drawlingly put to unsuspecting dinner guests when we wanted to be witty. The intonation had to be quite right, and the 'Chechnya' pronounced with that peculiarly Russian vigor. All of this was taught to us by a disastrously flamboyant teacher of history who thought the second World War was unspeakably glamorous because of all the parties put on for the young and spoiled (think the Mitford girls before Diana went to prison). She taught us more about conceit than she did contrition, but we were college students studying a kindergarten of the air modern history and relegated the collapse of the Soviet Union in 1991, among other things, to a wicker basket of ineffectual study notes.

It was often a point of curiosity how it was that one could respond so apathetically to a set of horrifying facts. Reports on television, documentaries, news bulletins and schoolroom handouts were, as they remain now, largely unremarkable. Some people respond with passion to information communicated through these channels; we all must know sorts for whom advertisements for child sponsorship motivate activism on an impressive scale. But I could never identify. Not to the facts of the Rwandan genocide of 1994 where some 800,000 people died in barely 100 days. Or to the atrocities, they tell me, which occur every day in the Congo Basin. It was only when my readings took a new direction that I marked a distinct turn in my capacity to contemplate and engage with crisis and conflict on the international stage.

I still do not really understand what went on with the Chechnyan rebels. I do however have great empathy for, and interest in, the African continent. Yes, I have read Conrad's *Heart of Darkness* (1899) and Haggard's *King Solomon's Mines* (1885) and I fancied myself an armchair adventurer for a short while. I have watched the film *Out of Africa* (1985) and the German film *Nirgendwo in Africa* (2001). But search a little harder and one will notice that beyond the so-called classics exist works of extraordinary breadth. African literature (by both native and foreign authors) is flourishing, and not surprisingly, much of it fearlessly confronts themes pertaining to warfare, colonialism, and the fallibility of peace.

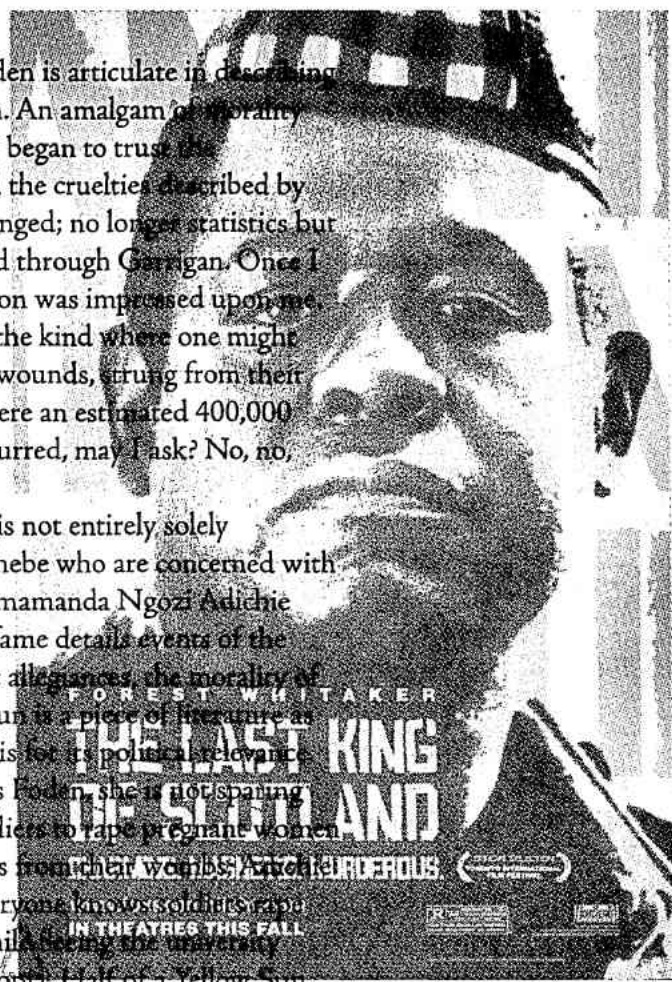
I first read of the civil unrest Northern Uganda was experiencing on the Unicef website in December 2004. For eighteen years (at that point) the Lord's Resistance Army (LRA) had violently clashed with the Ugandan army, with the result that civilians suffered from the most heinous of cruelties; children were enlisted as soldiers, women were raped, whole villages were destroyed. Oh yes, it's all very tragic, but I have to admit to my ignorance and apathy. This sort of thing has to really touch one, doesn't it, if it is going to impact upon one's consciousness? I found that all the news reports I heard and read, whether about tragedies as far afield as Uganda, or the misfortunes of my own countrymen, distinctly lacked in humanism. So I made myself endless pots of peppermint tea and turned to the novel. Ugandan history and politics only became really approachable for me upon reading Giles Foden's *The Last King of Scotland* (1998) on the recommendation of a Ghanaian peer who is a recent immigrant to Australia. The recent film adaptation of the same name, I hear, is not so good (appalling in the words of the Sierra Leonean writer Diana Streak) however the novel, irrespective of the accuracy (or not) of its depiction of Ghanaian life, struck a chord. Recounting the experiences

of Idi Amin Dada's personal physician Nicholas Garrigan, Foden is articulate in describing the daily life of Garrigan before and during his work for Amin. An amalgam of horror and tragedy, the book made me, as crude as the word is, care. I began to trust the protagonist, and as soon as the identification was complete, all the cruelties described by Foden as having occurred under Amin's dictatorship were changed; no longer statistics but real killings of individuals I had previously met and befriended through Garrigan. Once I understood this, and its implications, the gravity of the situation was impressed upon me. These were no longer anonymous deathblows, but killings of the kind where one might walk through destroyed villages and see people with machete wounds, strung from their necks on the tops of posts. It is often worse that this. There were an estimated 400,000 deaths under Amin's dictatorship. How were these deaths incurred, may I ask? No, no, don't spare any details.

The African canon as I understand it, so as not to mislead, is not entirely solely concerned with warfare. There are writers such as Chinua Achebe who are concerned with the examination of power. Similarly, the Nigerian author Chimamanda Ngozi Adichie of *Purple Hibiscus* (2004) and *Half of a Yellow Sun* (2006) fame details events of the Nigeria-Biafra war of the 1960's and also writes about ethnic allegiances, the morality of love, and the complications of colonialism. *Half of a Yellow Sun* is a piece of literature as immediately arresting for its poetic and wistful language as it is for its political relevance. Reading Adichie is at once torturous and exquisite. Like Giles Foden, she is not sparing with her details. Just as one learns that it is de rigueur for soldiers to rape pregnant women before slicing through their faint skin to remove unborn babies from their wombs, Adichie is not apologetic about her explicit and arresting honesty. Everyone knows soldiers rape women before killing them, observes the character Olanna while fleeing the military forces of Biafra on her way to safety in Addis Ababa in Ethiopia. *Half of a Yellow Sun*, with its diversity of concerns, also explores the nuances of power as they manifest in both politics and physical relations. This echoes the sentiment of the 1958 English-language novel by Chinua Achebe, *Things Fall Apart*. This novel concerns Okonkwo, a local wrestling champion from Umuofia in Nigeria and the impact of the Christian missionary presence and British colonialism, on his village. Okonkwo's physical power threatens to destroy him as he confronts the intrusion of the West and demands of the missionaries of the change-resistance values of his Nigerian community. The 'war' in *Things Fall Apart* does not pertain to the military warfare of other texts, but it deals nonetheless with power and is an elegant and powerful exposition on interracial tensions and the consequences of colonialism.

Achebe's work is modeled extensively on his belief that art is a tool with which to service humankind. He writes any good story, any good novel, should have a message, should have a purpose. This idea is entrenched in almost all the examples of African art and literature I have encountered, from the existing oral tradition where the passing down of tales is central to learning and the development of wisdom, to recent tales of both conflict and peaceful ends where authors wish to raise awareness of the struggles of their countries and to make any necessary qualifications to the international audience. There may also be a case for claiming that art imitates life through creative direction because African writers such as Achebe and Adichie have drawn on their own experiences to create fictions that are, it appears, exceptionally true to life.

The idea of purpose is one that motivates the three authors behind the international bestseller *Emergency Sex* (and other desperate measures): *True Stories from a War Zone* (2004). Kenneth Cain, Heidi Postlewait and Andrew Thompson have compiled an extensive collection of diary entries from their time as United Nations aid workers in the 'bloody theatres' of Cambodia, Rwanda, Bosnia, Haiti and Liberia between 1993 and 2003. The reflections of Andrew Thompson, a medical doctor, are of particular interest to me as he spent several years after the Rwanda genocide in 1994 working in Kibuye and his impressions are raw, painful, and (it seems) entirely without the usual gloss. He worked in the Lake Kivu region, where thousands of corpses were strewn in a mass grave after the genocide. It was his task to remove them all. He writes "What's difficult now, five



THE I
EMERGENCY
SEX
TRUE STORIES
FROM A WAR
ZONE
KENNETH CAIN
HEIDI POSTLEWAIT
ANDREW THOMPSON

THE KING
OF THE
SANDLAND
GILES FODEN
A BLOOD
HELL OF
PHILIP GOYEN

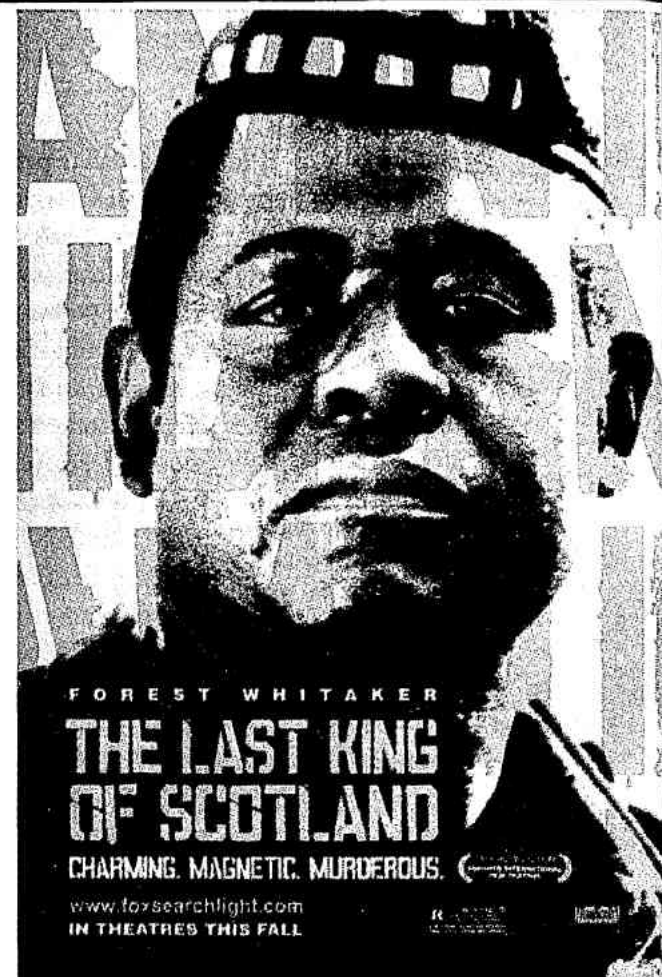
WORONI

weeks and four hundred bodies into the dig, is the pile of entwined corpses several yards down in the grave. There's just no way to find the bottom, no matter how often the backhoe does in". And when he showers he has pieces of strangers' flesh and bone to rinse out of his hair and from beneath his nails. This is the war from a different perspective. Thompson hasn't survived the genocide but rather, has been assigned to clean up after it. There is something deeply humanizing about reading his account because it is straight forward, pragmatic, and, one can tell I think, very deeply felt. He succeeds in connecting Rwandan history to the reader in a way CNN has never quite managed. Offering pertinent expression for this idea is an excerpt from a book review by The Times which reads: 'These three voices from the global front line are personal, these three are characters from global ground zero are fallible; their youth and idealism, faults and failures, and triumphs and tears, all work to humanise recent history and ring it home for a reckoning.'

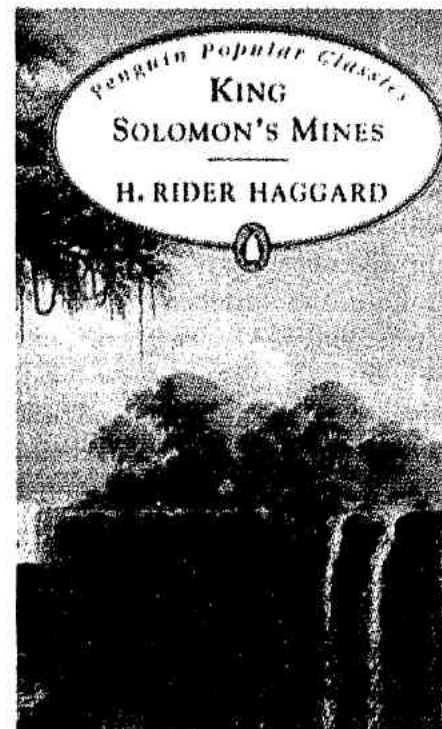
To conclude on any definitive note would be trite because enquiring minds will always exceed the capacity for what I rather awkwardly term 'endedness'. One criticism may be that surely literatures of 'peace' exist and deserve attention. Naturally, there are African fables and legends and all sorts of short story and prose works which detail peaceful African life. So why then is there such a heady focus on conflict? All of the texts I have introduced deal with conflict in various capacities. Hollywood has 'rediscovered' Africa with a host of films including *The Constant Gardener*, *Hotel Rwanda*, *The Last King of Scotland* and *Blood Diamond*, all of which are films with violent themes. What about in praxis? A journalist writing for the *Khaleej Times* in June 2006, Bashir Goth justifies the cultural attentiveness toward violence with some poignancy. He writes that one would not be focusing on much else if one lived in Mogadishu, Somalia "...where your children's lullaby is the sound of mortar explosions; and where their games are to complete with each other figuring out which sound belonged to which gun."

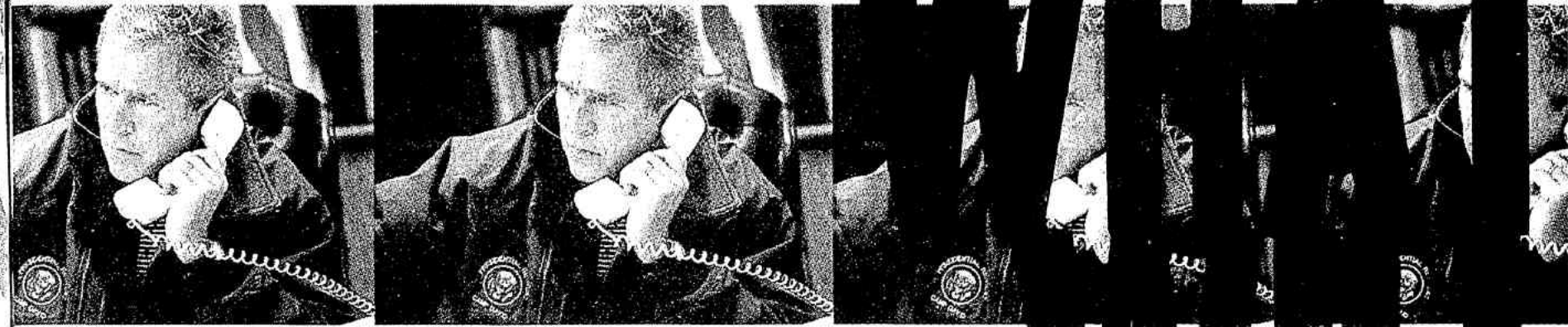
It appears that authors are in pains to write about the struggle for, and attainment of, peace. But once achieved, it's a little boring, isn't it? Take the situation in Somaliland for example. It celebrated its 15th year of independence in 2006 and is the only region in the Horn of Africa without international peacekeeping troops. I do not know of any Somaliland writers who have published about Somaliland post-independence. But in the words of Edna Ismail, Somaliland's foreign minister, taken from an interview with *Adwalnews* in May 2006, this is probably because "Nothing sensational happens...it is just a country that is getting on with its daily life, rebuilding."

Art, as in the case of the texts examined, does indeed appear to imitate war-ravaged life. Let us hope now for a renaissance in literatures other than those of conflict and crisis. This may yet mean that all is well in the world.



THE INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLER
EMERGENCY SEX
 AND OTHER DESPERATE MEASURES
 TRUE STORIES FROM A WAR ZONE
 KENNETH GAIN HEIDI POSTLEWAIT ANDREW THOMSON





BY SIMONE GUBLER AND ADAM BRODIE-MCKENZIE

In the past few weeks the world has witnessed attempts by America's defence secretary, Robert Gates, and members of the Democratic Congress to assuage fears that the USA might wage war against Iran. However, the danger of a Bush administration sanctioned program of air strikes against Iranian military infrastructure remains omnipresent. George Bush still has almost two years remaining of his presidency and although his demeanour seems more sheepish today than it was at the beginning of the Iraq campaign, his attitude towards Iran remains aggressive and vindictive. America is concerned by Iran's nuclear program, involvement in the Iraqi civil war, anti-Zionist policy and Holocaust denial, strong Islamic government and the dramatic and apocalyptic rhetoric of President Ahmadinejad.

It has been common knowledge for some time now (hell, there's even been a Time article on the subject) that plans have been drawn up for a series of strikes against suspected nuclear installations. American military vessels are amassing in the Persian Gulf, and its troops are conveniently stationed to the east and the west of Iran, in Afghanistan and Iraq.

Now comes the speculative bit. For fun, let's agree that Bush is a hunted man, who realises that his campaign in Iraq is a failure for which history will condemn him; and like Ebenezer Scrooge, startled by the ghost of Christmas future, Bush is now in search of redemption. A success by which to define himself. And whenever Mr. Bush sets off on a grand adventure, there's one bushy eye-browed little deputy sheriff who's always in tow.

**A SPECULATIVE
ARTICLE**

**WHAT
WILL
WAR ON
IRAN
LOOK
LIKE?**

So we're going to war on Iran, what will it look like?

Two months ago, Woroni sent two intrepid reporters to Iran to find out, they battled snow, diarrhoea and the tourist police and produced the following picture:

War in Iran will look like Habib, Scheherezade, Hagar, Akhmed and Ayatollah Tehrani.

Habib

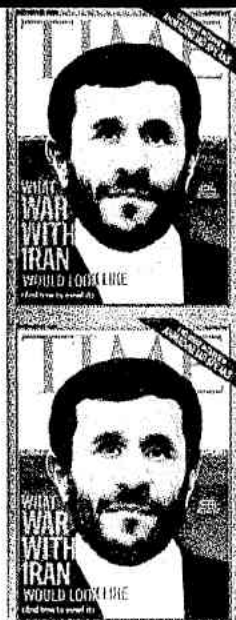
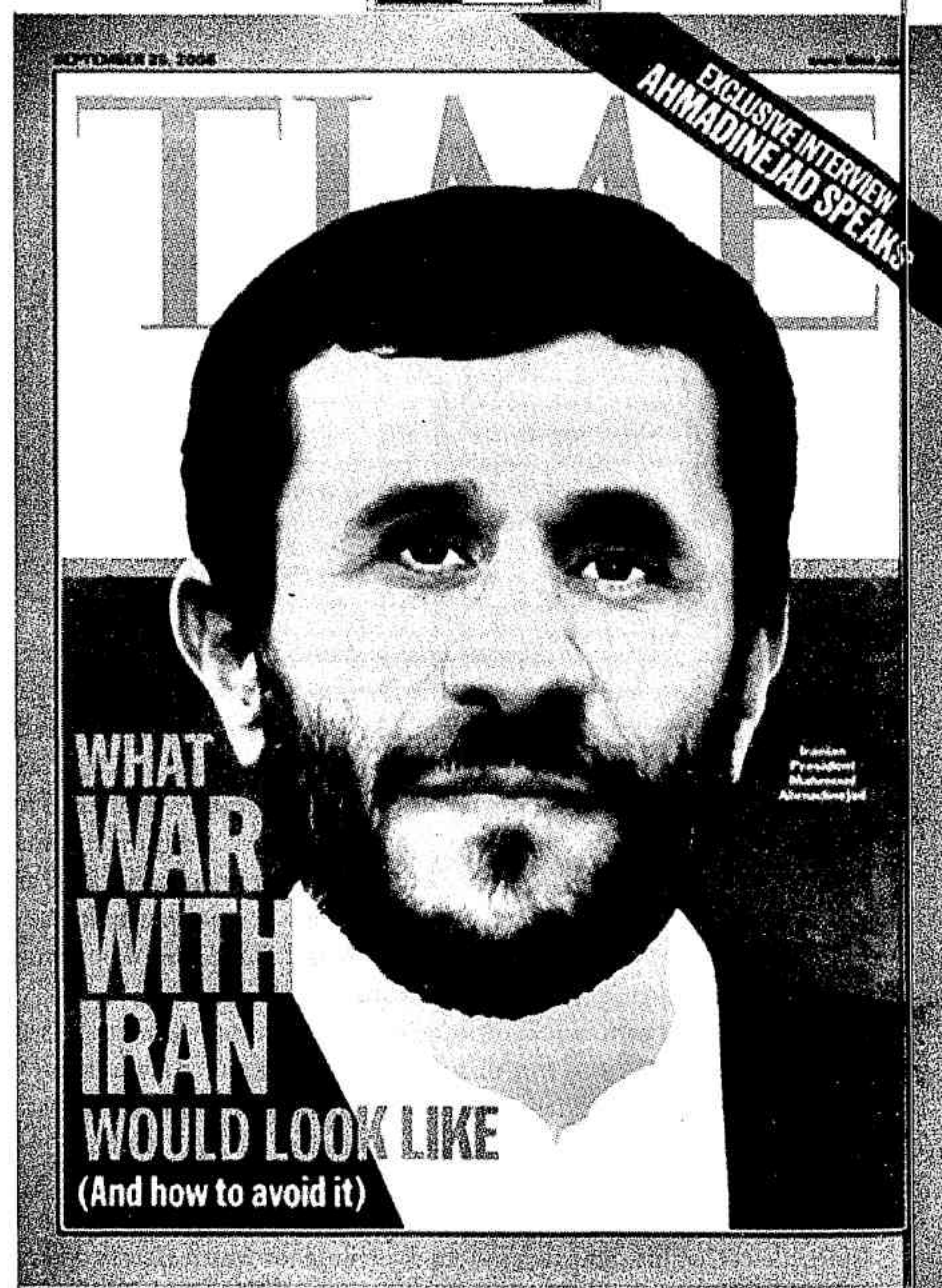
Habib, or our Habibi as we like to remember him, was 26 years old and an exceptionally handsome man. His English was just better than our Farsi (which was non-existent) but through lots of pointing, writing and charading we deduced that he either worked in retail, with computers, or as a male model. We had met Habib on a 48 hour bus ride into Iran from Turkey. He delighted us instantly when he offered us his own home-made sugar cubes to put in our bitter Turkish tea, before the public crappy bus sugar was available. Then the bus broke down in Eastern Turkey, in snowy, mountainous Kurdish country. Actually broke down is not quite accurate, the engine and other important bits of the bus literally froze in the -20 C temperatures. And so we found ourselves with a bunch of Iranians spending a night in a heavily fortified Turkish police station. The Iranians couldn't speak English or Turkish, the police couldn't speak Farsi or English and we couldn't speak Farsi or Turkish.

It would have been a pretty dire predicament if it hadn't been for the sheer force of friendliness our fellow travellers displayed towards us, transcending language. Habib was one of those travellers and taught us basic words and how to count in Farsi; with admirable perseverance using hope and the sheer force of repetition. The next morning the engine had defrosted and we headed off again, but tempers were frayed and fighting broke out on the bus. Habib offered us a refuge. He lived in Tabriz, ten hours from our destination of Tehran. He asked us to come home with him instead of continuing on the troubled bus-trip. Habib lived with his mother-in-law (who later we discovered was also his aunt), his 20 year old wife Ana (who was also his cousin) and his wife's 11 year old sister.

Perhaps unsurprisingly, they were a very strong and caring family unit. Their flat was enormous and beautiful, replete with rugs, flowers and smiling family photos. They fed us a home cooked lunch that was one of the best meals we had in Iran. After lunch Habib and his wife showed us photos of their wedding. There was no hijab or any sign of Islam. It was as tacky and lovely as any Aussie wedding. Habib and his wife showed us all around Tabriz with the sort of care you only reserve for the best of friends.

Scheherezade and Hagar

We met Scheherezade and Hagar in a public toilet at a restaurant in Esfahan, we chatted as in the line, established that Australia had Kangaroos and then took our leave. An hour later we were standing outside an Armenian Cathedral and a car pulled up next to us, someone shouted from the window, "get in, we will show you something". Now normally we don't get into strange cars with strange people, but as we approached it, we recognised these women as the



HE WAS A HULKING MAN WITH A BEARD AND A VERY GENTLE NATURE — OBVIOUS TERRORIST MATERIAL.

same ones from the toilet, and decided to take our chances. It was a good decision.

Hagar and Scheherzade drove us to the river that is the social artery of Esfahan, it was a Friday (the Islamic weekend), so everyone was out walking, smoking, reciting poetry and drinking tea by the water. We met up with a large group of their girlfriends who chatted to us about history, politics, art and boys, they were all beautiful, rich, single working women in their 30s. The atmosphere was very Sex in the City, except that instead of sipping Cosmos later, we shared tea.

By law Persian women must wear a hijab (headscarf) that covers their hair and a manteau (jacket) that covers their bottom, preferably to the knee. The penalties for flouting the rule are harsh and include public flogging. Given this expectation it was a shock to see that this Sex in the City gang wore fitted shirts, with tails that just skimmed their bottoms and the most tokenistic of headscarves which acted more as hairbands than hijabs.

The girls all seemed bored with their lot in life, they dreamed of travelling, but because of the embargoes and travel restrictions that many nations have instated against Iran and Iranians, they were unable to visit any of the destinations they dreamed of. They did not want to emigrate, their lives were fine, they just wanted to enjoy their money and travel. They listened hungrily to tales we told them of trips to Paris and London, but they were most interested in hearing about the United States. Rather than hating America they simply dismissed its anti-Iran policies as peccadillos of the state and embraced its popular culture. They longed to meet real American people and were planning a holiday to Dubai because they had heard that it was the most similar nation to America on the planet.

Akhmed

We met Akhmed during an important Shia religious festival. He was the first Iranian we encountered who really wore his religion on his sleeve (apart from a taxi driver who stopped mid-trip to pray with the meter still running...). Many people we encountered espoused pretty secular belief systems which surprised us, because naively we had assumed that as Iran was a theocracy everyone would be proudly religious. Akhmed had been travelling in the Netherlands when September 11 occurred and over the next two months he was arbitrarily arrested off the street four times and detained and interrogated by police. He was a hulking man with a beard and a very gentle nature — obvious terrorist material. These experiences left him with a deep-seated love for the comparative tolerance of Iran, and a suspicion of travel.

Akhmed invited us into his mosque (introducing as Australian Shiite pilgrims) and facilitated a meeting with Ayatollah Tehrani, the chief religious advisor to the President and one of the council of religious elders that rules Iran. The Ayatollah, a very charismatic and friendly man, expressed interest in visiting Australia and meeting with Australian Muslims to spread peace and tolerance between our countries. The Ayatollah held hands with the male author of this article throughout the conversation, a touching gesture. Akhmed also introduced us to the regional chief of Iran's special forces and a former national wrestling champion. Encounters which we were thrilled to have.

Akhmed also spoke with us for hours about politics, religion and culture (topics many Iranians shied from discussing with us). He was charming, patient (in the face of our abject ignorance) and intelligent and taught us a lot.

So that's what war with Iran will look like.

These people may be obliterated along with the military infrastructure the neo-conservatives believe America can 'surgically' bomb. Because the problem with bombing Iranian military installations is that the Iranian government, with the heartless ingenuity characteristic of extremist regimes, has embedded many of the most important military sites at the heart of Iran's population centres; so that any aggressive bombing campaign will wreak a horrific toll on human life. Which of course makes for good anti-American propaganda but at quite a cost. A cost we don't think is acceptable.

WORON

JAMES FISHER

JAPAN TICS

BY

When Bill Murray went to Japan, he picked up Scarlett Johanssen drinking cocktails in the New York Bar on the 52nd floor of the Park Hyatt Hotel in Tokyo. When my girlfriend and I went to Japan, we discovered that there was a Y2,000 (around \$22) entertainment charge from 8.00pm, the cheapest cocktails were Y1,600 (around \$17), and the people were loud and nauseatingly American. We shared a cocktail feeling decidedly underdressed in dirty jeans and old t-shirts, and left at 7.56pm. Sure I never met Scarlett Johanssen, but there are better things to see in Japan than American women.

No matter what your perception of Japan, be it as a sparkling land of the future where robots brush your teeth for you, or as a tradition-obsessed country that can't get over how good it looks in a kimono, you will invariably be disappointed: it is no more these things than we ride kangaroos down to the local billabong to grab a Foster's from the esky after tuckerbagging the coolabah with our didgeridoo. Sure, it has its quirks, but it's a small proportion of the population that sleeps in capsules, and the only vending machine I found that sold anything other than cigarettes and drinks sold (admittedly wasabi-flavoured) condoms.

Having seen Iron Chef, I had formed the impression of Japan as a land of vast, if unusual, culinary expertise, discernment and secret ingredients. It was sad to find that most of the food fits into the category "rice with mystery brown stuff" (in the absence of a better translation) and generally tastes like the chef never really got over eating glue as a child and wants to share his passion. Probably a bit harsh, but I like to taste the meat in my meat. There are exceptions to the glue rule: there are more kinds of tasty things on rice or wrapped up with seaweed and wasabi than you can count (it's like Wonkaland with raw things instead of chocolate), and if you ever spy tako-yaki, (fried squid balls) don't let the mystery brown sauce and crunchy things fool you... buy as many as you can afford, and try to steal me a recipe.

As a long-time appreciator of red frogs, it came as an unpleasant surprise to find that sweets, puddings, desserts and lollies are considered decidedly feminine pursuits- any self-respecting male would not be caught dead chomping on a Violet

RAGING THROUGH THE WORLD
ON A RAMPAGE OF DESTRUCTION!

GODZILLA

It's Alive!

KING OF THE
MONSTERS!

Spawned in the
ocean's depths...
it stalks the earth!
Beating fire that
blasts mighty
cities into
oblivion!
A gory Goliath
that lives to kill
...kills to live!
Diabolical Demon
of Destruction...
mightiest Monster
of them all!

GODZILLA

RAYMOND BARR

Directed by TERRY MORSE and G. HONDA
STARS WORLD Release

AWESOME!
-and then some!

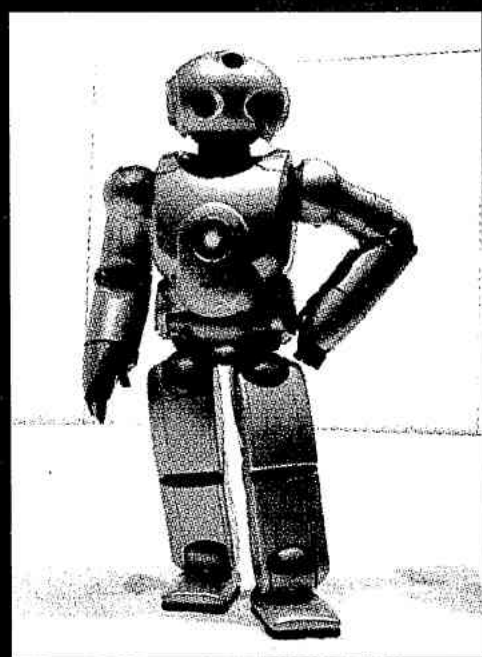
**FOR A NATION SO
CONCERNED ABOUT
APPEARANCES,
IT IS AT FIRST
STRANGE THAT ONE
OF THE FAVOURITE
NATIONAL
ENTERTAINMENTS
INVOLVES
WATCHING 150KG
MEN IN G-STRINGS
GREASE UP AND
HURL THEMSELVES
AT EACH OTHER.**

Crumble. To be caught with Pocky sticks- those tasty chocolate coated sesame sticks- would be unthinkable: you might as well swing your hips, wear lipstick and say "Hello sailor" to men who aren't sailors. No surprise, then, to discover that Pocky "For Men" has been released to bore through the reinforced enamel of the Japanese male's sweet tooth (I believe with only limited success). Sadly, I only discovered this after I left Japan; it was strange to think that those weren't looks of jealousy because I was the only one on the train who had the Pocky sticks (the regular kind, not the testosterone-boosted kind)...

This concern about public image is reflected in more than just food. At first glance, the pristine appearance of the people and the cities could be mistaken for intense vanity, but I quickly realised that it is more the product of a mixture of pride and a fear of letting the rest of the country down, as though to appear in public in anything less than your best clothes would be to tarnish the image of the nation. Even the unusual counter-culture rebellion of the Harajuku cosplay girls oozes that quintessential Japanese pride. Every Sunday, these girls get on the gear of their favourite manga characters and head down to the bridge near Harajuku station to giggle and gossip and pose for the tourists. We were leaving Harajuku just as they began to arrive, and the metro was beginning to look like a Japanese Mardi Gras.

Besides the personal appearance of recognised members of society, there is serious concern displayed about the appearance of public streets: litter is non-existent, the asphalt practically glistens, and homeless people are so scorned and disgraced that they rarely appear to beg. Tokyo's homeless population officially sits somewhere around the 30,000 mark, but the stigma associated with homelessness is so strong that they tend to keep themselves to themselves, keeping to the parks and, at night, metro stations, scavenging what little food they can from the few government-run shelters near the Imperial Palace. As a result, poverty in Japan is not so visible as in China or India, even Australia, but it is still a significant issue- one which many Japanese ignore. The image of the Japanese people is impressive, but clearly the social conscience needs dressing up.

For a nation so concerned about appearances, it is at first strange that one of the favourite national entertainments involves watching 150kg men in g-strings grease up and hurl themselves at each other. A quick visit to the local Sumo stable was enough to change my ideas. When we first arrived, we couldn't work out how to get in. We went to the first door we saw and knocked. It was answered by a glistening, semi-naked 6½-foot spherical giant. This is not an experience I hope to replicate in Australia. Somewhere in the darkness behind him, we saw the lumbering shadows of several



more. After a few stammered inquiries, we managed to get across that we wanted to come in and watch these people hurt each other. After some muttered consultation with the other giants, he grunted and waved us around to the front door which was actually quite obvious when you approached the building from the other direction...

Once inside, we sat on tatami mats and settled in to enjoy the show. The coach sat in front of us, and just about blocked our view (it was hard to tell if he was a former sumo or if he just wanted to fit in, but he was bigger by half than his disciples). The first thing you notice about Sumo (after you get over the initial shock) is the hallowed topknot. Seriously, these guys must go through the Pantene Pro-V like there's no tomorrow - a couple had their hair out while we were there and the glisten burned my retinas. The distinctive hairstyle is considered a mark of honour, and must not be touched during a bout. To go for the knot intentionally is the Sumo equivalent of ear-biting or the Hopoate: offenders may have their own knot severed as a mark of disgrace, and will be banned for life from competition. Then the wrestling started, and I swear that nothing more entertaining has ever happened. It's like pro-wrestling, but better because it's real, it's quicker, and the people who are doing it are four times the size and probably four times as strong: underneath those massive bellies lie abs of reinforced steel...

If sumo wrestlers were the most entertaining things in Japan, the A-bomb dome in Hiroshima was decidedly the most unnerving. Doubtless you have seen the pictures of the aftermath of the bomb - a vast expanse of smoking ash, and in the centre, the skeletal remains of the Industrial Promotion Hall, which withstood the blast of the bomb which exploded directly overhead. To see the dome preserved almost as it was left on 3 August 1945, and wander the A-bomb museum reading the stories of survivors is a disturbing reminder that just over 60 years ago, our countries were at war, and people younger than me were shooting each other. If you ever want to be convinced that war is a bad idea (I'm looking at you, John) then visit the A-bomb dome in Hiroshima.

The time has come to confess that my knowledge of Japan came largely from film. (For those who are interested, some particularly fine examples of Japanese film are the Lone Wolf and Cub series, the popular Zatoichi series, Old Boy (South Korean film based on Japanese manga), Sonatine and of course the ever lovable monster films.) So I had formed the view that Japan would be filled with crazed demon samurai, incredibly violent gangsters, regularly interrupted by epic battles between 7 storey high turtles and armoured moths. Now I have actually been there, I have realised that my expectations were somewhat unrealistic. Like a transformer, Japan is more than meets the eye, and much, much more than American women... Touché, Bill Murray.

WORON

THE STORM



WAKE UP, ANU

**BENJAMIN PYNT
UNCOVERS SOME ALARMING
TRUTHS EXPOSED DURING
THE RECENT HAILSTORM
AND ARGUES THAT
THE UNIVERSITY'S
ADMINISTRATION NEEDS TO
BE MORE WORRIED ABOUT
THE SAFETY AND WELLBEING
OF ITS STUDENTS.**

The Australian National University has a prestigious reputation around the world for being one of the best; one of the best in Legal Research, one of the best in Political Science Research, one of the best in Middle Eastern Studies. Never should it be considered one of the best in emergency preparedness.

Weather in the past few weeks has been close to tropical; hot and humid during the day followed by thunderstorms during the night, and these storms have been nothing in comparison to what Canberra saw over the Christmas period. Surely this should have been a wakeup call to the University administration, a sign that storms and flooding are a clear and present threat to the campus and anyone who might happen to be there. Had someone taken heed, perhaps this week's major storm might not have caused so much damage to buildings and personal property.

Most are aware that Tuesday's storm caused major damage to the ANU and Civic, but it has so far escaped the public's attention that not only empty classrooms and libraries were hit. In fact, some of the worst affected buildings on campus were John XXIII College and Burton & Garran Hall, two full residential colleges housing 300 and 500 students respectively. Parts of the roofing at John XXIII came away, leaving open a path for the tonnes of water and ice that were on the roof to wreak havoc inside. This water and ice entered the building and flooded the floors, causing damage to students' rooms and possessions. This in light, an even more disturbing situation was occurring at Burton & Garran Hall.

The alarm was first tripped at B&G by water leaking through the roof and breaking the seal on the buildings' fire detectors. By this stage, water was leaking through light fittings and newly formed holes in the ceiling, and was flooding the four residential blocks from the top down, presenting major fire and electrical hazards. This could be acceptable, taking into consideration the unusual magnitude and ferocity of the storm. However, when a number of Senior Residents attempted to enter one of the blocks to ensure safe evacuation of students, one of the newly installed Cardax (magnetic card based access) doors failed, and because this door presented one of only two routes to safe evacuation, this is under no circumstances acceptable. Any person attempting to enter the building through this door was denied access, presenting an even greater hazard to residents trapped inside the block. When they eventually did enter the block, it became clear that all Cardax doors had failed to release as they were meant to in any emergency situation. What makes the situation worse is that University Security were notified of the problem two weeks ago and have as yet failed to reconcile it.

Damage was done to approximately 70 buildings at the ANU on Tuesday night, some detrimental damage to empty libraries and empty classrooms. But the most frightening thing for a student, their family and hopefully the University is the fact that a catastrophe was only narrowly averted this week. It was a dramatic reminder that the University administration should not be fighting with Halls over maintenance bills, but should be actively seeking to find out whether more maintenance is required or could help with safety standards. The administration needs to be more worried about the safety and wellbeing of students, and less worried about profit margins. As a student of the ANU, I find it unacceptable and repugnant that my safety and that of my fellow students was compromised because of 'other priorities' than Halls and Colleges, and I call shame on the University Chancellery for failing to fulfil their duty to provide us with a safe boarding place, and for having what seems to be open disregard for our wellbeing.

WORONI



"Hi, I'm Dr Andrew Glikson, and we need to have a chat about climate change"

Dr Andrew Glikson is a Visiting Fellow at the Department of Earth and Marine Science and the Planetary Science Institute with a list of publications longer than a bus ride from Tuggerranong for an 8am lecture. His research focus at the ANU is on major upheavals in the Earth's history including volcanic activity, ice ages, greenhouse gas events and related mass extinctions of species. He gave a public seminar for the Zero Emissions Society titled Homo Sapiens on Thin Ice.

Here is an edited interview with Dr Glikson, interviewed by **Bindu Johnson** (VP of the Society) about what climate change is, what to expect from it and how we might work together to prevent disaster.

The full transcript of this interview as well as further information about the ANU Zero Emissions Society can be found on our website at www.ANUZeroEmissions.org.

Thanks for speaking to us today Dr Glikson. How would you describe climate change?

The climate has always been changing. Before we appeared on the scene and especially before civilisation and technology the causes of climate change were natural. In the past, the major triggers for climatic events that lead to mass extinctions have been the sun, volcanic events, the feedback-amplifying effects from the ocean and the biosphere. Now humans have excavated coal and oil, combusted them and released them into the atmosphere. The atmosphere, being as delicately balanced and vulnerable as it is, is responding and that is the kind of rapid climate change that we are looking at presently.

So you would frame it as anthropogenic climate change?

It is definitely anthropogenic; it has been demonstrated now by studies of thousands of scientists from various fields. There is no real scientific question on this point, but there are a lot of questions arising from other quarters such as ideological, political

and groups with vested interests as well as the personal need for denial. We all exercise some degree of denial individually, we deny death; and on the large scale, we tend to deny the major perils which exist, for example climate change.

Do you think climate change is very serious in terms of the affects that it could have on both humankind and the planet?

I tend to think it is extremely serious. Life will remain, there is no question about whether climate change will result in the elimination of life. Life is extremely adaptable, but it will not remain in the same way. Every time there has been a major perturbation of the climate, for example the impact of asteroids or major volcanic events, there have been repercussions on the atmosphere. Mass extinctions that have occurred are directly related to such changes in the oceans and the atmosphere.

What thoughts do you have about climate change "sceptics"?

Scientists debate and argue and respond to scientific points. The so-called sceptics have some points which on the surface appear to be scientific but climate and Earth scientists can indicate that they are not valid scientific points. As to the other factors, such as denial, vested interest, ideology; that's not something science can argue with. But as to what people say - there are still people who say the Earth is flat. There are still people who don't believe in the theory of plate tectonics. There are still a lot of people - some of the major religions - that don't accept Darwinian evolution. There is a very close analogy between the creationist looking for gaps, real or apparent or imaginary, in Darwinian evolution and between the climate sceptics who look for problems with climate theory. There are always problems and always unknowns in the scientific fields including, of course, the climate; the climate system is extremely complex. However, to point to gaps is not enough and these gaps are being filled very quickly now by further research.

So many studies have been conducted now: two-thousand scientists have contributed to the Inter-governmental Panel on Climate Change. They essentially agree; the differences between them are those of rates, those of explanation of the process and local variations, timetables; but essentially, they agree that the climate is changing fast and due to human interference. I have been looking at objections from sceptics - it is important to meet them where they are - I have looked at every one of their arguments and essentially they can be answered.

Assuming that there is something that we can do, do you think the ANU is doing enough about climate change?

26 INTERVIEW

Denial is quite natural, I'm quite empathetic and sympathetic to denial. Not everybody wants to look at the severity of issues like climate change and nuclear all the time. But people who take their future and those of future generations and of other species seriously, yes they have to be active, because it's their future that is at stake. I think that once people accept evidence and actually observe what's happening in the world now before our eyes... everybody is concerned about the future of Earth and the ANU is no exception. Especially young people will have to worry: people of the student age range and even more so, young ones and future generations.

On a practical level, what do you think students can do to reduce their impact on climate change?

Of course it is very empowering when individual people change their way of life, it is important for morale and it does have a contribution to make towards climate change. But it is a global problem with the great majority of emissions (well over 60%) coming from coal burning. Unless the issue is tackled at its root causes we will be tinkering at the edges I'm afraid.

Do you think we should be advocating mass-mobilisation, alternative fuel sources to coal and pressure on the government?

You see you cannot use aspirin to kill cancer. It all depends on the understanding that people have of the severity and the rate of this process. If people think it is long term, that is one thing. They will say we will modify industry, we will modify energy use, we will change our lifestyles and it ought to be alright in the long-term. I wish that were true. My understanding (and I hate to be what's called an alarmist) is that even though from day-to-day the sky is still blue, the climate reacts in fast and violent ways and we are living right in the middle of it. With so many lines of evidence which people still dismiss and say "oh, that's just accidental": the drought, the bushfires, the hurricanes, the extremely fast breakdown of the icecaps and the poles. You can't take any single event and say "this is climate change"; you can't take the hailstorm which occurred here and say "this is climate change". But if you take the patterns, and they have been measured now by the Australian Bureau of Meteorology and many others you see very clear links to climate change.

You were asking a question of what can be done. In purely technical scientific terms, humans have the ingenuity and the technology to mitigate climate change in an effective way. To my understanding, there are several elements, but the three most important ones will be, firstly, a drastic and urgent cut in carbon emissions, secondly, the cultivation of forests. Forests have had an

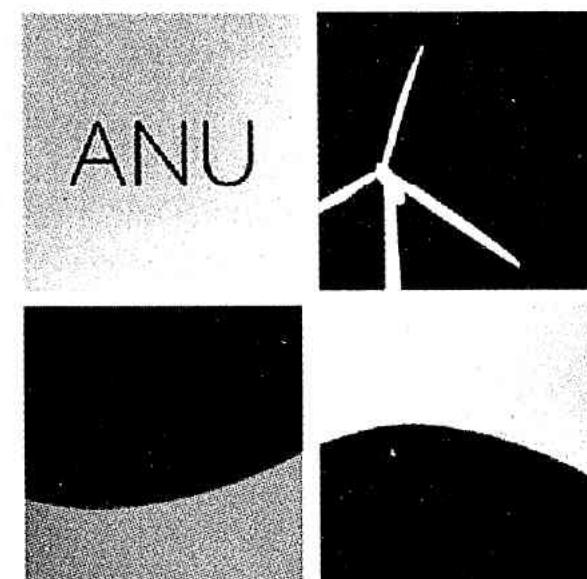
important effect on climate because they provide oxygen and they arrest carbon dioxide and locally effect temperature and rainfall.

Thirdly, if it proves that climate change is catastrophic in terms of its pace and rate, then any mitigation will take too long. When you get a volcanic eruption, a lot of carbon and sulphur dioxide is emitted, and this results in cooling of the Earth by 1-4 degrees for a number of years. The idea has been floated that humans can simulate the effect of volcanic eruption. Purely to buy time, one measure (an extreme and desperate measure) will be to pump sulphur dioxide into the stratosphere – to basically simulate a volcanic eruption. The side-effects will be increased acidification of the oceans, but you have to weigh the pros and the cons – the ocean is becoming acidified anyway due to carbon dioxide. To attempt to mitigate climate change is possibly the most important type of defence which the human world needs to exercise. Except nuclear, nuclear is a different issue.

Have you got any last thoughts that you would like to share?

Well yes, universities have a privileged position because, unlike the public in general, people in universities are in a position to look at the evidence more closely, even if they are not doing climate research as such. They have the facilities and they have the right approach. People need to look at it and if and when they are convinced that it is serious, they should act.

Thanks again and best of luck with your research.



Zero Emissions Society

WITH GLIKSON.

THE TIMES THEY ARE CHANGING

So climate change, global warming – the creeping dry of drought and the frantic end of summer rumbling thunderstorms, the masses of hail which took and made a mess of Civic. Humans are contributing to the current state of the environment, but what about it?

The effects of global warming are tangible. We felt 2005 – the hottest year on record in Australia and we've felt the sweaty dry of 2006 – the hottest year in Canberra's history. Rural Australia looks like a wasteland, the snow barely arrives before it melts again, we're horrified at the plight of the polar bear and momentum is building. We're hearing everyone talking about global warming, from commercial television shows scoring the nation's carbon emissions to the once Vice-President of the United States roaming the world with his "inconvenient truth".

One person plus another person plus another person plus another person, and on and on can make up a hell of a lot of people...

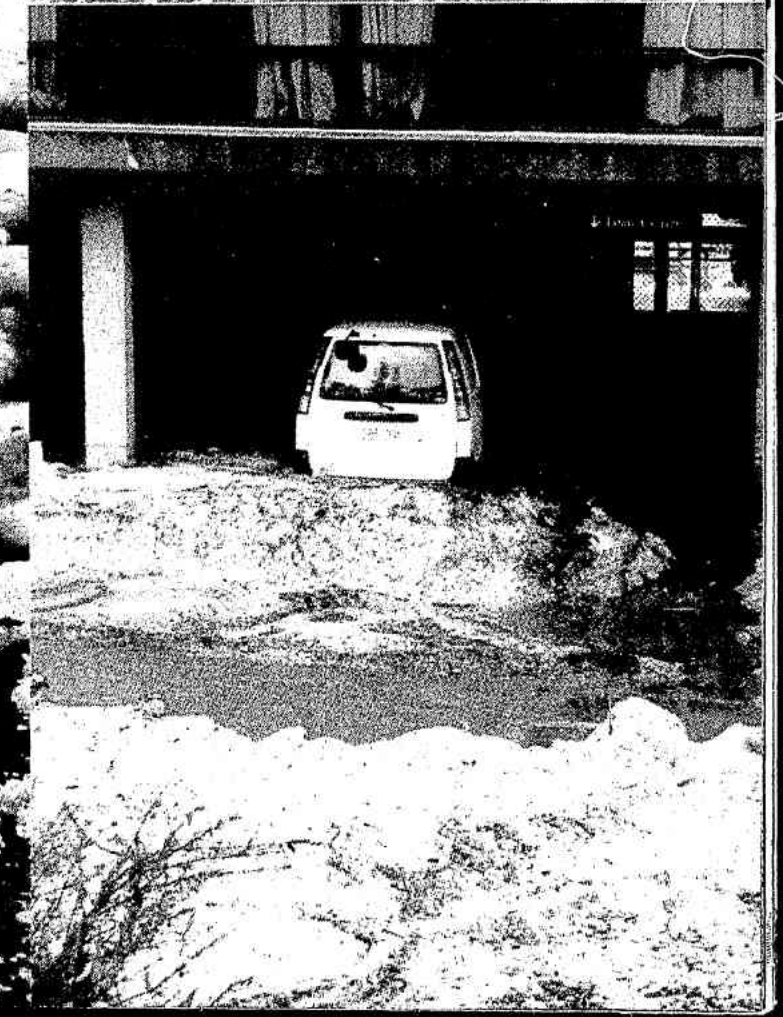
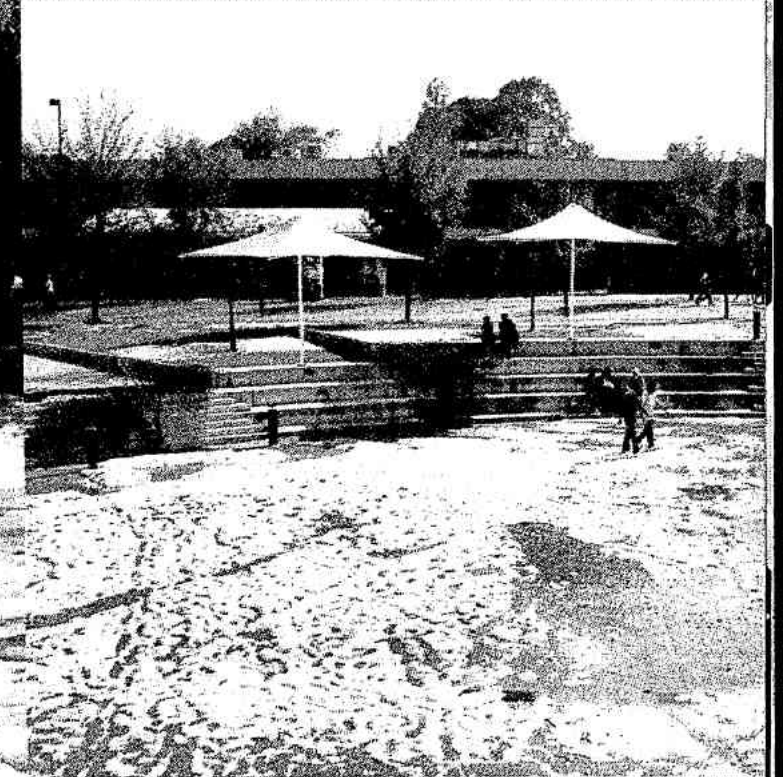
It's so easy to do something about your own environmental impact. You can check your ecological footprint (a calculator that estimates how much land you would need to sustain the lifestyle you lead) – do a search on the internet and you'll find loads. I like to think I live a fairly sustainable lifestyle, I recycle, ride my bike everywhere and have green power. If everyone lived like me, we would need 3 planets – there's always room to do more.

There are loads of things you can do to reduce your household gas emissions.

Tips on how to reduce your impact on the environment through energy efficiency are out and about: turning lights off when you leave a room and turning appliances off at the wall will save about 85kgs of greenhouse gas a year. Switching to compact fluorescent lamps (CFLs) will cut the running costs and greenhouse gas emissions by your lights by 75%. Wear a jumper instead of turning the heater up. Washing your clothes in cold water instead of hot saves 3kgs of greenhouse gas per cycle. The cumulative effects of these simple changes can lead to large energy savings. And who doesn't want a cheaper electricity bill?

Water. You can go extreme – my boyfriend has decided he is the Che Guevara of the water world and showers once or twice a week swearing that he is revolutionising the way we think about water use... "in 5 years people will be thinking that those who shower once a day are shameful"! Viva la revolution, but even having shorter showers will use less energy. Less energy means less greenhouse gas emissions and a few extra bucks for you. You can save around 20% of your household water with an AAA rated showerhead – it only uses 7-9 litres per minute compared to an old showerhead which uses 15-20 litres per minute. Water restrictions can be overcome – fill a bucket of water for the garden from your heating shower water.

Travel. Thinking about the way you travel can make a huge difference – around 14,000,000,000 tonnes of greenhouse gas emissions are used travelling between homes. There are ways to make your car more efficient. Drive to the maximum recommended speed, don't rev your car, combine all errands into one trip or looking at buying a fuel-efficient car. Alternatively, the ANU has a carpooling program which can help you find people to carpool with, go to <http://transport.anu.au/Driving/Carpooling/>



index.html - it's a great way to meet people and help make a difference.

But even better is leaving the car at home. Cycling is fast, cheap, fun, environmentally friendly and makes your ass look great! I was given my bike as a gift and it may be up there amongst the top five best things ever. Canberra has fantastic bike paths - you can legally cower from demon drivers on the footpath - and the ride around the lake is a great way to remember you have lungs. Which, lets face it, may often need a good clean out on a Sunday. Riding a bike is easy and cheap. Think of the savings on petrol, maintenance, insurance, parking and greenhouse gas emissions. Plus you get regular exercise.

Environmental awareness isn't just for Greenie-tree-hugging hippies. It's the new black, darling. Both the planet and your wallet will thank you for these small changes.

The ANU Zero Emissions Society was created to tackle human induced climate change. The goal of the Society is for ANU to lead Australia and the world by becoming a net 'zero emissions' campus in 2010. If you'd like to become a member, visit the website www.anuzeroemissions.org

FACT: Over a year a microwave uses more energy running the digital clock than cooking any food.

FACT: The 11 million cars and trucks currently in Australia guzzle about 26 billion litres of fuel each year and emit approximately 71 million tonnes of carbon dioxide into the atmosphere.

FACT: Did you buy an ANU parking permit at the beginning of the year and you're not using it? Go to the parking office - they will give you a refund on the unused portion of your permit.

FACT: Action Buses have services reaching into some of the most sparsely populated pockets of the ACT. It's one way to get your readings done for the week, it's cheap (students can get a weekly pass - Monday to Friday - for around \$8) and you could meet some interesting people on the journey.

Why You Should Drink Your Poo

By Simon Copland

That Environment Officer of ours! We asked him to write something, and he gives us this. Dude, this is filthy. But you should read it, and you should buy a poo hat too.

Are you concerned about drinking treated sewerage? Do you think it's possible that you could get sick from recycled water? Well if so, let me take you through a journey of the life of a water molecule as it travels through the hydrological cycle and gets recycled one every step of its life.

Before we begin, it is important to remember the long life any water molecule has lived through. 99.9999% of all water on the planet today was formed approximately 10 billion years ago as oxygen and hydrogen atoms formed their first bonds. As the earth formed approximately 4.6 billion years ago this water spent its time as steam in the atmosphere until approximately 4 billion years ago when the earth cooled enough for this water to be able begin to form clouds and for the first rain to occur.

Okay, so with that history in mind, let's focus in on one single molecule and follow it through its travel in the hydrological cycle. Our molecule is going to start this cycle (remember this molecule will have travelled through this cycle possibly thousands of times) in the shallows of the Pacific Ocean. The journey today starts on a hot summer's day and as the day heats up; our molecule begins to vibrate violently until it splits from the molecules around it and begins to float into the atmosphere. As it gets higher, and cooler our molecule begins to calm down and join with other molecules again to form clouds. As more molecules join the cloud it soon becomes so large that it is unable to hold the molecules any more and releases them as rain. Our molecule is one of those released.

In this situation our molecule has fallen on the hills of the Brindabella Mountains in the outskirts of Canberra. The molecule flows as water runoff until it flows into a puddle formed by the rain. We must remember that the area the water flows over is one occupied by many different animal species, which have spent a large amount of time pooing over the ground. Our molecule will then sit in this puddle for about a day, floating in filth that has flown into it until a small kangaroo comes along and gulps it into its mouth.

Our molecule will then make its way through this kangaroo's digestive system until the kangaroo pisses it out into the Cotter River. Our molecule will then spend its next few days living in the river, racing towards the Cotter Dam. Again, as we think about this process we must understand what state this river and dam will be in. As one full of fish it is then, therefore, full of fish poo. Concurrently the waterways will play host to a number of animals who will often use the river as their toilet. Our water molecule will be literally sitting in a pool of animal filth.

This is until our molecule is taken from the dam and put through what we currently consider a proper and clean system to isolate the molecule from the filth its been sitting in and sending it to our houses to become our drinking water. After being drunk by a human, our water molecule will past through their digestive system and is shat out. Currently what would then happen to this water would be for it to pass on to a sewerage treatment plant, where the worst substances would be taken out and the water would then be sent off, back to the Pacific Ocean and to begin the cycle again.

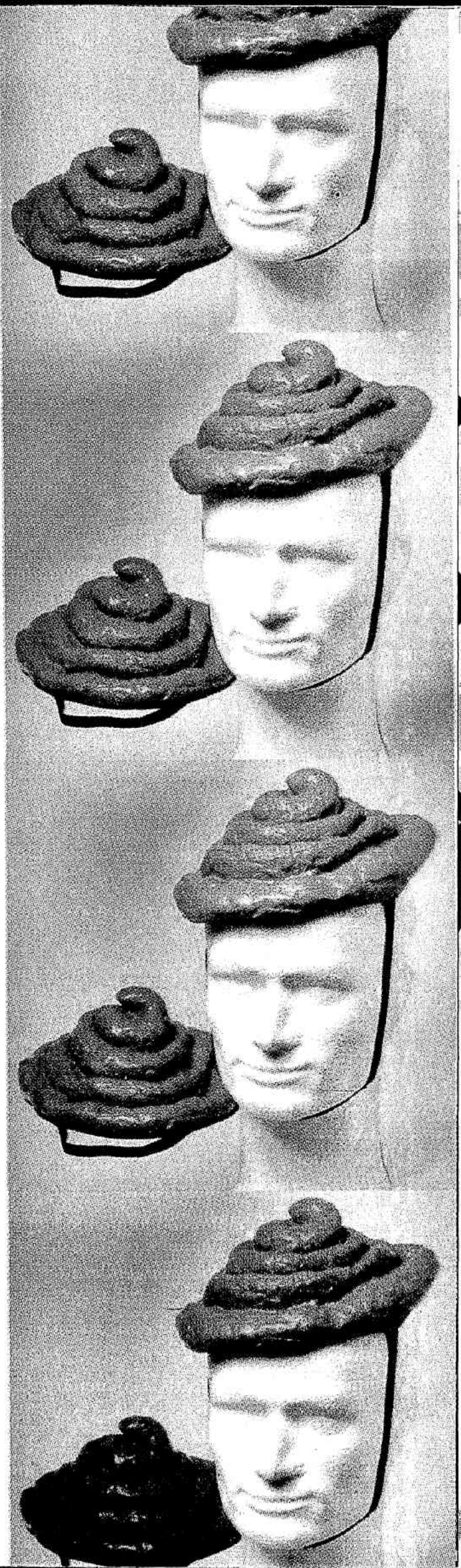
The point of this story is to show that throughout a water molecule's entire journey through the hydrological cycle two important things to remember happens to it. Firstly, throughout its journey the molecule will

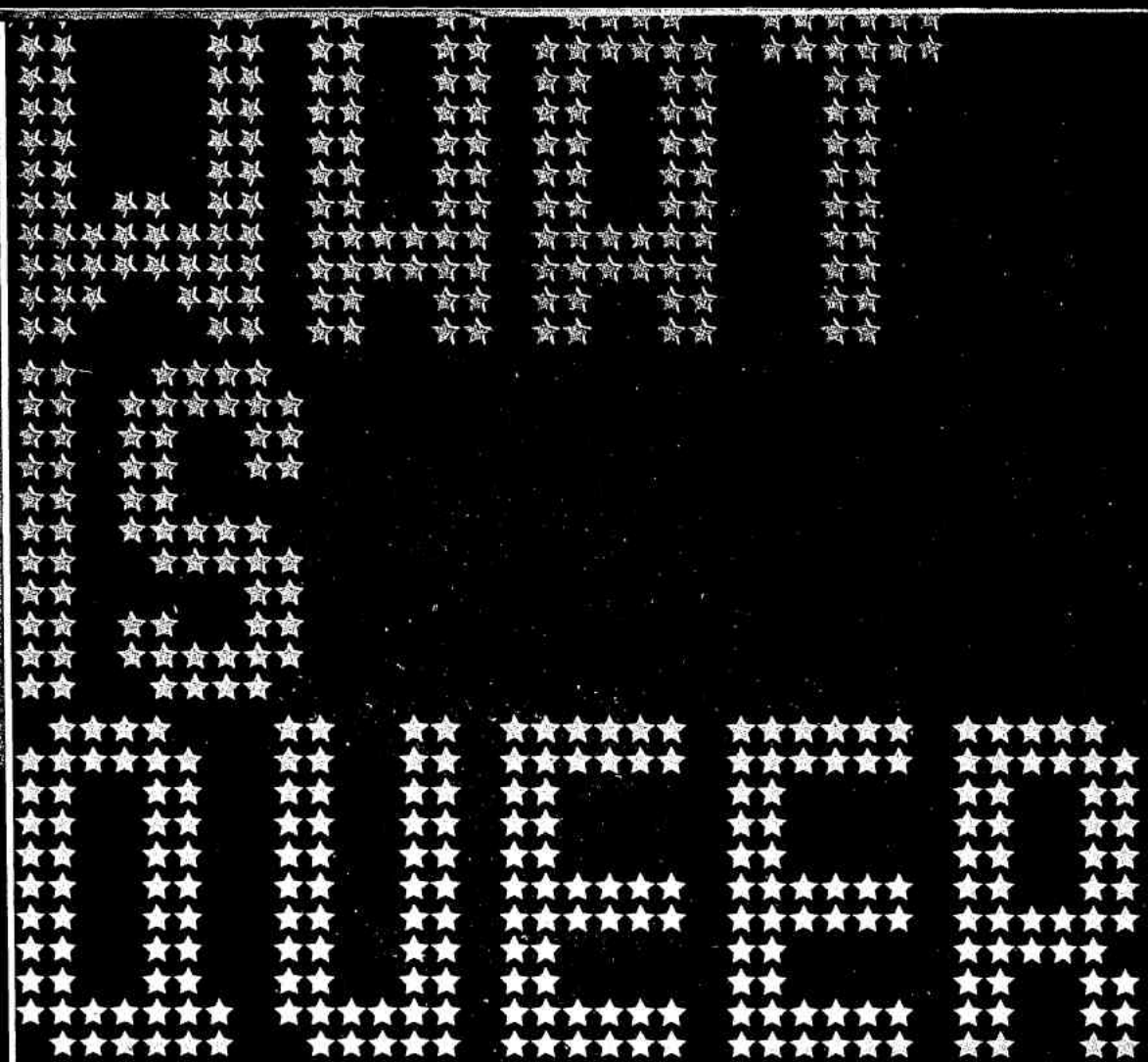
**the water
molecule...
make its way
through this
kangaroo's
digestive
system until
the kangaroo
pisses it out**

pass through a number of substances that are bad for human's health and that it has done this for billions of years and will continue to do so for more. This brings us to the second point, which says that a water molecule always stays as a water molecule and will never be anything different. Even at times when water is bad for humans, it is simply because there is too much of one substance within the water, not that the water has changed its composition.

But what is most important about this is that water molecules are continuously recycled and don't stay poisonous forever. In fact even in one movement through the hydrological cycle water may be unsafe for humans to drink a huge number of times, yet we still are able to drink it after it passes through our dams and we must be able to realise that we can just continue this process again if we recycle it straight from our sewerage plants. We do have the technology to keep our water clean and we should be using it to stop the water shortages we are currently suffering through. Water recycling is the way to keep our water supplies at the levels that we need them to be and the only way to keep our supplies ecologically sustainable. It is not only a measure we must enforce but is also one that is safe for us to do and will be the way to solve our water issues.

If you would like to support the treated sewage campaign you can buy a poo hat, available at the Environment office in the SA building. Available in brown, red, green, and an alarming shade of blue.





When I came out to my parents, we didn't have an argument about my sexuality, or a perceived threat to their chance of lots of grandkiddies; instead we argued about my choice of words with which to identify.

"Queer? Queer? What's that?"

"Well, I reject gender stereotypes and I believe sexuality is a fluid concept."

"Yeah, enough of your post-modern bullshit, who do you sleep with?"

"Well, whoever I fall for."

"I've thought that you were a lesbian for years," interjects my father who for as long as I can remember has called lesbians, lesbians for some unknown reason.

"So, you're a dyke then?" Mum questions

"No, I still like men."

"Bisexual?"

"Not really"

I've had this problem before, people seem unable to understand the concept of queer because it does not box me into a category. To be queer is to be of any atypical sexual identity, sexual anatomy or gender identity. The advantage of using queer as a term with which to identify is that it allows people to avoid the strict boundaries that surround traditional sexual identities as well as the accompanying stereotypes.

Some people who identify as queer are those who we would traditionally define themselves as "gay", "lesbian" or "bisexual", but some heterosexuals who have non heteronormative sexual practises such as bondage, dominatrix, and sado-masochism.???


Arguably, "queer community" is also a better umbrella term for the non-heterosexual community than "LGBTI (lesbian, gay, bisexual, transgender and intersex) community". This is because it encompasses a greater diversity of sexualities, gender identities and takes into account those who do not identify as either "lesbian", "gay", "bisexual", "transsexual" or "intersex".

Some members of the LGBTI community, however, reject the use of the word queer because in the past it was used as a derogatory term. The Oxford dictionary for example provides this definition: "esp. of a man: homosexual" (slang, derogatory).

However, there will always be some members of Australian society who are homophobic and one of the ways in which to take away the power of language that is used against the LGBTI community is to reclaim it.

Given the importance that sexual identity has in our society because of the way in which it is used to pinpoint people and the political and religious connotations attached to sexuality it seems like queer is a valid way to fight the pressure to box oneself into a constricting category and escape the gender stereotypes that comes with mainstream sexual identities. Assuming, that is, that queer is in fact a valid sexual identity and not just "post-modern bullshit".

-By Hannah



Another year,
another O-week.
With hangovers
fading now is the
time to reflect on
what you did, with
whom, and to
try to remember
where you parked
your car. Maybe
these pictures will
jog your memory.

OWeek 2007

WORON



Weekend

ANU Law Revue 2006
Legalis Unaustralia
11th-19th August Room
ANU Law Revue 2006
Legalis Unaustralia
11th-19th August Room



Q&week 2007

CAN'T SAY NO-WEEK

Women's officer MARIA KOLETH addresses sexual assault in O-week.

WE'RE GOING TO HAVE TO CHANGE THE WAY WE THINK ABOUT O-WEEK AND ALL THE POINTLESS BINGES THEREAFTER, ESPECIALLY IN THE HALLS AND COLLEGES, IF WE'RE EVER GOING TO CHANGE THE LOGIC BEHIND THE SEXUAL ASSAULT IN O-WEEK.

Many of us have fond memories of O-week, many of us have no memories at all, which some say is a good sign. O-week was so much fun the first time, but as I found myself wandering through the infinite ways in which you can say "I want to get so drunk that I'll stop noticing how bored I am because everyone's too self-conscious to say anything interesting and the music sucks", the second time round, I found myself wondering what the point was. Existential dilemmas aside, I realised that there was a sinister side to O-week that's all the more sinister because, despite all the noise, no one's really talking about it. As women's officer, something that you hear happened to a friend of a friend can multiply through many complaints into a significant statistic. For some, memories of O-week are terrifying or at the very least deeply discomfoting, and even if you don't share these memories, their prevalence is a problem.

The incidence of sexual assault perpetrated on women rises in O-week every year. It seems perfectly logical, considering all those binges, parties, pub crawls, club crawls and nights spent wearing nothing but a sheet, the main object of which is to down as much alcohol as possible. However, when you think about it, it's kind of a twisted logic because what it's saying is that when all inhibitions are lost, because of alcohol and the particular type of group hysteria that operates at most O-week events, all many men want to do is perpetrate sexual assault, and that the less women wear, the more they are asking for it. I don't believe that this is true myself, but I do believe that it's the thinking behind the destructive culture which makes sexual assault so prevalent. Why is violence against women even an option and shouldn't women theoretically be able to walk around with nothing on and still have a right to decide what happens to their bodies?

We live in a society where 1 in 3 women are sexually assaulted in their lifetime, so that there is sexual assault in the socially engineered morass of O-week isn't remarkable. It provides just another reason for women to be scared of the world in general, and live with the fear of becoming victims of sexual assault no matter how strong they might be in their daily lives. Sure we've all had the 'talk' about sexual safety: how you should never leave your drink unattended, make sure you always tell your friends where you're going, and do a self-defence course because you can never be completely safe. My favourite one came from

an incredibly erudite conversation I shared with an inebriated someone in O-week, who said it was simple, "just don't get raped, orright?" I think he meant, just say no.

Funnily enough, all those oh-so-subtle pieces of advice don't seem to help when it's your first week of uni, and you discover that all that alcohol and all those new friends might have left you in a situation where saying 'no' isn't really an option among people who might tell you to take unwanted attention as a compliment, or among those who are too wasted to care.

For all those who might be getting ready to pounce on reverse sexism or think the phrase thinking woman is an oxymoron, I'm not saying that all men are rapists or that only women get assaulted. They aren't and the high incidence of sexual assault in O-week is everyone's problem. I'm just not going to give young women, and women report more assaults than men, another lecture on what they should do to stop getting assaulted. It isn't their fault. It's the fault of much on-campus culture, particularly in colleges, which gives many young men the idea that downing so much alcohol that thinking is a lost cause and getting a girl is the highest estimation of their purpose in life. This is just a product of some macho idea of masculinity, which betrays as much a profound insecurity as it does an unthinking conformism to violent patriarchal codes. Believe it or not, that blonde with the big breasts and long legs is not a collector's item that you can get if you prove you're 'man' enough.

Why is it that behaviour that is so destructive is meant to be so much fun? To those who think it is I'd say grow up- preventing violence against women is probably more important than how many beers you can skull. Unwanted attention, whether it be verbal, emotional or physical harassment, or outright assault, is violence not a harmless 'compliment'. We're going to have to change the way we think about O-week and all the pointless binges thereafter, especially in the Halls and Colleges, if we're ever going to change the logic behind the sexual assault in O-week. The only other piece of advice I'd give to young women on campus is that you should be able to go out and make new friends without feeling as if your body were some sort of commodity to be traded on the relationship market, or a dangerous possession that might get in your way of having a good time. It isn't open for inspection either. Don't be afraid to ask questions of things that don't seem right to you even if no one else is.

It is not good enough that there are such high rates of sexual assault, and we should all be asking why instead of how we can minimise

the pain of the inevitable. For some people, memories of O-week are a troubling initiation into the twisted logic of the 'real world' just when you thought you were being inducted into a more educated, open-minded and critical student polity. The rise in sexual assault in O-week can be reversed, but to do so we need to talk about it as a problem, and we need the courage to think differently to dominant patriarchal codes promoted through the media and popular culture.

So let's talk about it. If you feel that you have experienced sexual assault, harassment or discrimination in O-week or at anytime during the year, email the Women's Department or drop in to see me- chances are I will know what to do, or know who you should talk to and the support services that are provided. Many of the Halls and Colleges on campus also have Women's Officers who can address issues within residences.

The Women's Department is currently taking submissions for its 'Violence Against Women' campaign to be launched in second semester, so let us know what you think and the services you want on campus.

To contact the Women's Department:
Email: sa.womens@anu.edu.au
Phone: 6125 9868

Or drop into the Women's Department Office in the SA Building anytime with your questions and concerns.

The Canberra Rape Crisis Centre is a community organisation that supports survivors of sexual violence, their families and friends. We will support people who have experienced any form of unwanted sexual contact, past, recent or current.

We offer 24-hour phone support, face-to-face counselling and advocacy to women, children and men, an Indigenous support service, support groups, community education and access to various resources about sexual violence. We also offer support during forensic and medical examinations, police interviews and any ongoing legal process.

If anyone wants more information about the services that are offered at Canberra Rape Crisis Centre, or would like to talk to someone about a personal experience of sexual violence, please contact us on 6247 2525 (24 hours). For all other inquiries please contact 62478071.

A NOTE FROM THE CANBERRA RAPE CRISIS CENTRE

10% Discount off all food and drinks

for university card holders

(discount valid until 10pm)

Open for breakfast, lunch and dinner.

Fresh healthy salads, focaccias, famous chicken pieces and chicken burgers, freshly squeezed juices, big breakfasts, all freshly made.

7am - 8pm Monday to Friday, Saturday 8am - 3pm

113-119 Marcus Clark St,

City West Carpark (alongside IGA)

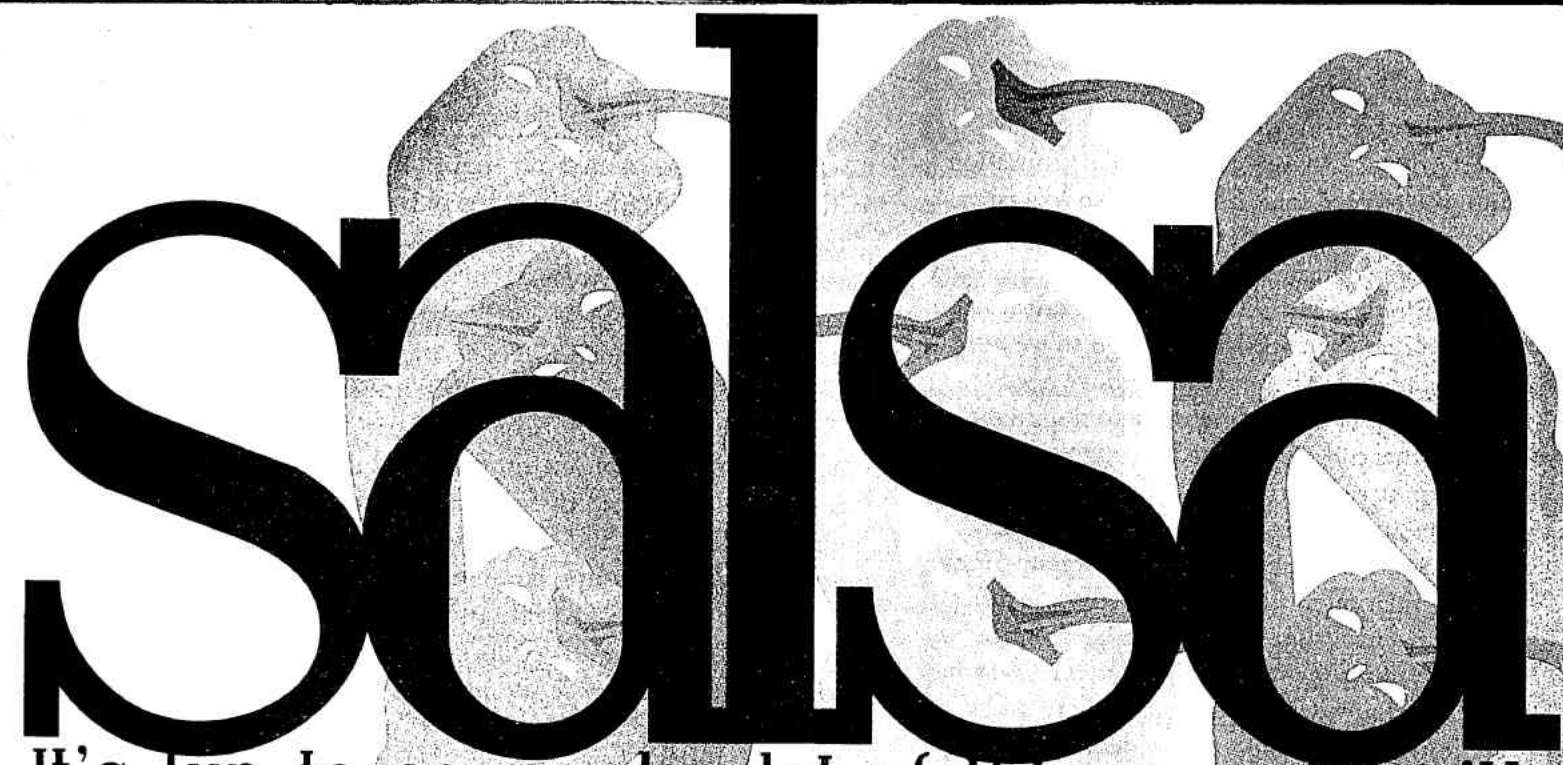
City Walk Canberra City (Alongside King O'Mallys)

Chicken Gourmet

express cafe



Salsón



It's fun to say and a lot of things go into it!

Music Reviews
Film Reviews
Book Reveiws
Eugene
What's On!

"YOU CAN'T WATCHSTART A
DEAD HORSE" -
THAN YOU'RE, OF ALL PEOPLE

THE
LIVE
ROCK

Rock is only a few decades old, but its creative peak has long passed. The Beatles, The Pixies, AC/DC - all the greats realised that the secret of making rock music with any depth or longevity was to keep it simple. Simplicity in rock can be the springboard for true emotional and/or intellectual depth.

In fact, the only real artistic experimentation going on in rock these days is by metal bands, and metal, like classical music, is the province solely of geeks with infinite patience (or an infinite supply of weed). You sort of have to at least respect a band like Sun O))) for trying, although it can be soul-destroyingly horrible when no-talents like The Mars Volta throw their hats in the ring.

Anyone with relatively undamaged hearing can tell that there are only three possible labels for any rock music being released today: it's fun, it's shit, or worse - it's emo. In their desperation for stardom, new bands must plumb the depths of the 70s to find a saleable sound (it is redundant to name names on this point).

Even Radiohead were smart enough to churn out one or two 'quintessential' rock albums before running off with the profits to become the tiresome art band they always wanted to be.

But I digress from my main point: that rock is the music of the past. Who is picking up the slack? Artists working in younger forms. Generally speaking, this means hip-hop and electronica. Hip-hop is bringing true music lovers the greatest joy at the moment, while electronica continues to disappear up its own arse after the horrific realisation in the late 90s that even Aphex Twin was out of ideas. (Thank god Jamie Lidell had the sense to take advantage of his brilliant soul vocal talent instead of interminably twiddling knobs.)

The Native Tongues hip-hop movement of the late 80s-early 90s took advantage of the lack of regulation of sampling to create beautifully multi-layered soundtracks for their relatively simplistic vocals. Since the start of this century, hip-hop has taken the lack of sampling freedom as inspiration to move in the opposite direction: towards minimalism. We are now seeing the dawn of a new golden age in hip-hop, as The Neptunes take the minimalist approach to the top of the charts, while Ghislain Poirier creates an urgent need to name new hip-hop subgenres for his beautifully twisted beats. This is not to mention the work of artists such as DJ /rupture and Filastine, whose blending of vastly different sounds, notably world music, is arguably leading to the creation of a new genre of music altogether.

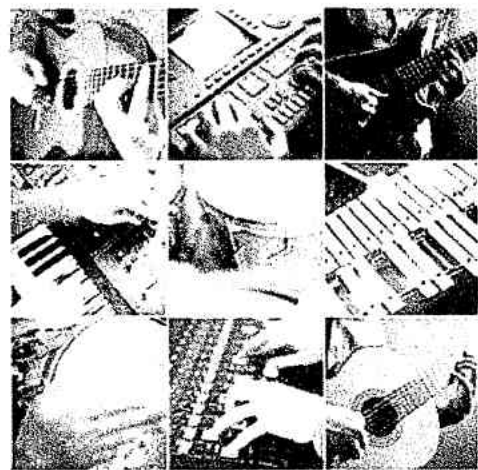
Rock is dead. Long live hip-hop!

- Samuel Birbeck.



WORONI

Music.



Squarepusher

Hello Everything
(Warp Records)

Hello Everything is precisely what its album title hints at: an all-encompassing introduction to Squarepusher to those who don't know the jazzy 'intelligent dance music' (think Jaco Pastorius meets Aphex Twin) of Tom Jenkinson, and a reintroduction to those more familiar with his extensive oeuvre (he's released 12 albums in 10 years).

Eschewing the ambitious experimentalism of 2004's *Ultravisitor*, *Hello Everything* is instead a carefully orchestrated return to more familiar climes. Indeed, if the album's anything, it's a distillation of his previous work: the thundering BPM of *Big Load* happily meets the prog-jazz maturity of *Music is Rotten One Note* which in turn meets the lushness of *Hard Normal Daddy*, all compiled into what Jenkinson himself calls a collection of tunes.

And a collection of tunes it is, rather than an album – yet somehow, it gels. For all its disparate elements, the ideas of an accomplished musician shine through clearly. The first half is poised and restrained, giving the famous amen break only a small role, while the second remains, in a sense, more satisfying: more percussive, less refined, but just as pretty as the cascading synth of 'Hello Meow', or the delicate instrumentalism of 'Theme from Sprite' and 'Circlewave 2'. The stand-out track, 'Plotinus', emerges from scatter jazz drums and bass strumming into a glitchy, long, drumloop-filled journey.

There are a few off moments, though: 'Vacuum Garden' is a 6 minute long void of only vaguely interesting beatlessness. Detractors would also, perhaps, cite an almost total withdrawal from the experimentation of previous releases. It is precisely this shift, however, and the care with which it has been carried out, that forms the achievement of what is one of Jenkinson's most complete albums to date.

Charles Prestidge-King



The Shins

Wincing the Night Away
(Sub Pop)

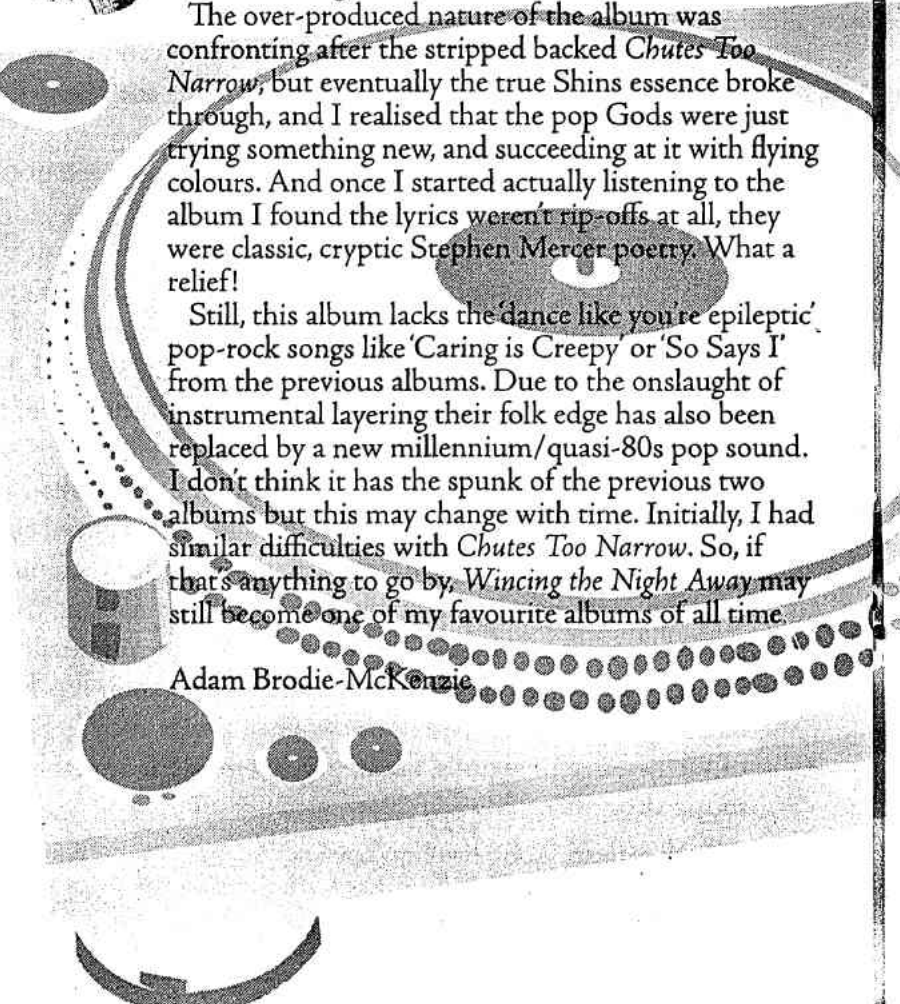
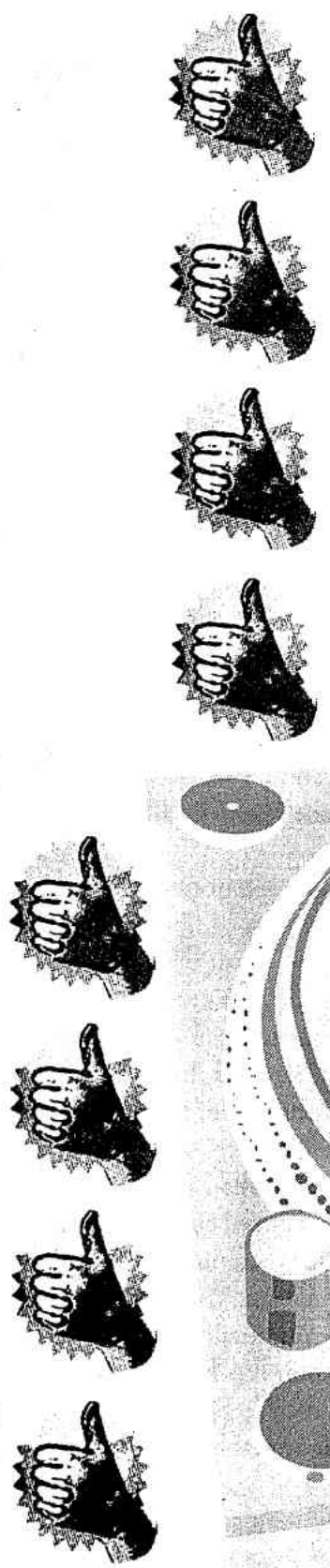
There was a lot riding on this album, the first The Shins had brought out since they found superstardom as the band that 'will change your life' in Zach Braff's cult movie *Garden State*.

At first I thought they'd flunked big time. It was over-produced, the lyrics ripped-off the last two albums, and there were too many layers of silly sounding instruments and vocal harmonies. However, with each listen it has grown on me more and more. Now I have it on regular rotation.

The over-produced nature of the album was confronting after the stripped backed *Chutes Too Narrow*, but eventually the true Shins essence broke through, and I realised that the pop Gods were just trying something new, and succeeding at it with flying colours. And once I started actually listening to the album I found the lyrics weren't rip-offs at all, they were classic, cryptic Stephen Mercer poetry. What a relief!

Still, this album lacks the 'dance like you're epileptic' pop-rock songs like 'Caring is Creepy' or 'So Says I' from the previous albums. Due to the onslaught of instrumental layering their folk edge has also been replaced by a new millennium/quasi-80s pop sound. I don't think it has the spunk of the previous two albums but this may change with time. Initially, I had similar difficulties with *Chutes Too Narrow*. So, if that's anything to go by, *Wincing the Night Away* may still become one of my favourite albums of all time.

Adam Brodie-McKenzie





Bloc Party

A weekend in the City
(Vice Records)

Second album blues, it can strike at any time! But it generally hits when a band brings out their second album. The second album of brooding disco-rockers Bloc Party, *A weekend in the City*, is certainly more blue than their first; people hoping to shake their booty to tracks like mega-single 'Banquet' from *Silent Alarm* will be left disappointed with the new album.

A weekend in the City is far more contemplative, rather like the second half of *Silent Alarm*. It is so contemplative that single 'The Prayer' even includes monks 'om'-ing. Personally I think they may almost cross the line into emò-land as the second album certainly does go on about death, graves, vampires, and so forth, quite a lot.

Lyrical, any subtle poetry concerning politics, general rebellion or remaining alternative has been shattered. 'Uniform' for example simply states, 'There was a sense of disappointment as we left the mall, all the young people looked the same'. Great, original observation by head man Kele Okereke there.

That being said, it is not a horrible album. The band is clearly still experimenting with rhythms and harmonies. Their music is distinct and it is evident they have a direction, which is more than can be said for a lot of second albums that are either replicas of the first or try to mimic the sound of the moment. Of course, Bloc Party has the luxury of being one of the creators of the sound of the moment.

Adam Brodie-McKenzie

The Good, The Bad and The Queen

The Good The Bad and The Queen
(Parlophone)

Although Oasis won the Brit-pop battle, Blur's Damon Albarn has won the greater musical war. Unlike his oft-brutish opponents, Albarn has increased his audience since Brit-pop's demise while consistently challenging and reinventing himself.

After jamming with Moroccans for Blur's last masterpiece, *Think Tank*, and venturing into clubland with Gorillaz, Albarn returns to London, the same hallowed ground of 1994's *Parklife*.

Where *Parklife* reflected a cocky youngster wittily observing the sex, drugs and possibility of the mid-nineties capital, *The Good The Bad and The Queen* finds an older Albarn concerned with the bleak, post-9/11 city. Rounded out by producer Danger Mouse, The Clash's Paul Simonon, Fela Kuti's Tony Allen and The Verve's Simon Tong, the new outfit generates gloomy yet gripping dub soundscapes bursting with dread.

As Albarn sings of "The Kingdom of Doom", where "ravens fly across the moon" and "everyone is on their way to heaven", London's sooty skies and paranoid populous are drawn with the precision of someone truly disturbed by his current surroundings. Only an experienced songwriter who has witnessed the city at its best could convey such fear with such musical prowess. The Gallagher brothers are both scratching their heads in confusion.

Nick Craven

WORON

Love him or hate him, one can't contest that Wil Anderson has risen high in the ranks of comedy - to some he is a prince of puns, a sultan of satire, a weaver of wit. Now that *The Glass House* throws stones no more, what is on the cards for Wil Anderson? Well, what better way to find out than to engage in friendly phone banter with the man himself, to prattle on about life post-Glass House.

I kicked the interview off with a bad yet appropriate joke (which I won't repeat here), and then warned Wil of my blindingly unoriginal questions (to which he replied that at least then he'd have some pre-prepared answers for me). We talked Dalai Lama, taking ice and George Harrison, with all of that career stuff in between.

Okay, so first off, what's the most annoying question that you always get asked on interviews?

Why do you only spell your name with one L. That's the classic. The funny thing is, I always have ever since I was a kid, about six or seven. When you're six or seven, you're odd logic is, that because my name is William see, if I split my name in half I get Wil and Liam, like two names for the price of one. If I split it to Will and Iam, well that just doesn't make sense. My other bit of logic always was that you never hear it when people pronounce it, you can't tell if there's one L or two, so I save time. I save pens.

And you save squares on forms...

Yeah, seriously, I'm a committed environmentalist - I mean the work I have done to save the greenhouse. Basically, I don't have to recycle because of all the stuff I've done. But unfortunately now I spend all my time explaining to people why I only spell it with one L, so...

Well, that's the price of being so environmentally sound.

Exactly.

So obvious question - no more Glass House. How do you feel about this?

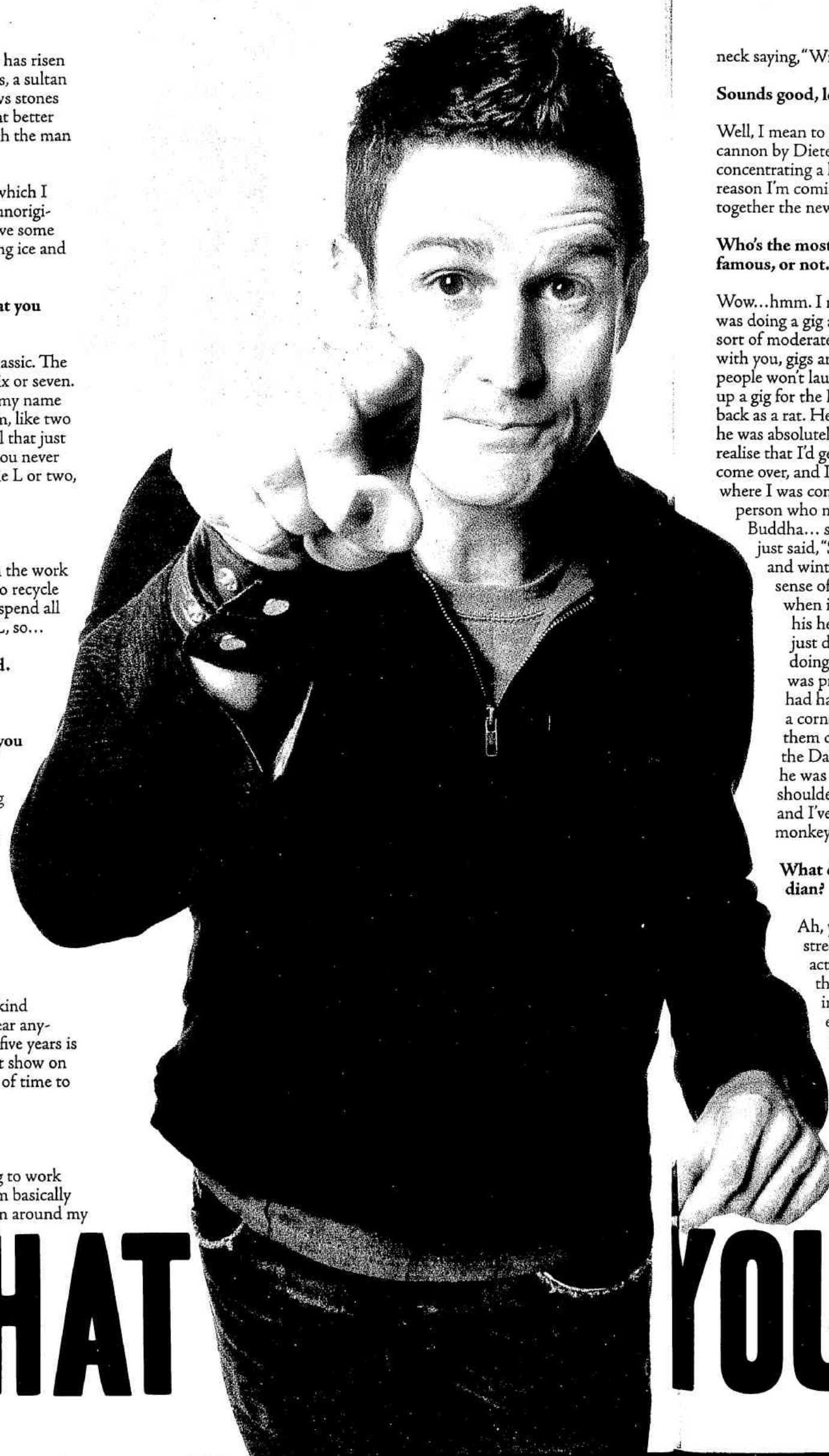
Well, see my dad was concerned, obviously, I mean he rang me a lot - have you got any new work yet, what are you doing, how are things, can you pay your mortgage, is there anything around the house you can sell...

Are you eating...

Yeah, exactly. No really, with the show we had our best year ever last year, both ratings wise and show wise, and I was sad to see it go, you never want to see something stop when you feel like it's going really well. That said, it was one of those things where all of us were kind of thinking this year would have probably been our last year anyway. We've been doing it for five years, and I always think five years is a pretty good time to do something for. I did the breakfast show on Triple J for five years, and it felt like a really good amount of time to do it.

So, what's in store for the next five years then?

Interesting question... I don't know, that's what I'm trying to work out I guess. Mostly the dole office of course. You know, I'm basically going to stand in shopping malls with a big cardboard sign around my



neck saying, "Will tell jokes for food."

Sounds good, let me know how that goes...

Well, I mean to pay my bills, I'll probably have to be shot out of a cannon by Dieter Brummer on *Celebrity Circus 2*. No, I've been concentrating a lot on my stand up, which is great, which is part of the reason I'm coming to Canberra - to kick that off again, and try to put together the new show so I can go to far flung places.

Who's the most memorable person you've ever met? They can be famous, or not.

Wow...hmm. I met the Dalai Lama once, and he was quite cool. I was doing a gig actually, where I had to introduce the Dalai Lama and sort of moderate the discussion he was doing. I mean, to be honest with you, gigs are always scary. You think, "Well, if I'm not funny, people won't laugh, or I might not even get paid" - but if you screw up a gig for the Dalai Lama... I mean you're pretty much coming back as a rat. He's got good connections. So anyway, I did that, and he was absolutely amazing, but the thing was I met him and I didn't realise that I'd get to have a one on one conversation with him. So he's come over, and I haven't prepared anything to say. I had this moment where I was confronted with this person, this amazing holy man, this person who many people believe is the reincarnation of the living Buddha... so anyway it was a bit of a rainy day in Sydney, and I just said, "So your Holiness... do you have like, summer robes and winter robes?" And the great thing was he has such a good sense of humour, he said, "No, they're the same robes, but when it's cold I just do this," and he pulls his robes up over his head like he was Yoda. Then he says, "When it's hot I just do this," and he pulls them off his shoulders and starts doing a little jig! The funniest thing about it was that there was probably about thirty journalists in the room, and what had happened was the Dalai Lama and I had gone off into a corner with his translator to have a little chat. So none of them could hear what we were saying, all they had seen was the Dalai Lama walk over to talk to me, and then suddenly he was dancing around in a circle with his robes off his shoulders. So it almost looks like he's just come over to me and I've thrown coins on the ground and gone, "Dance for me monkey boy!" or something.

What do you think you'd be doing if you weren't a comedian?

Ah, you know I'd probably just be that crazy guy on the street yelling at you, "Woo, look at me!" No, I don't know actually. I mean, it's funny right, I was talking to one of the blokes from Frenzal Rhomb once, and he was teaching me how to play guitar of all things. And he said the easiest way to learn is just to do it a lot, and you sit on the couch playing, and you do that for about fifteen years and suddenly you're thirty and you don't know how to do anything else. And that's pretty much what it's like with me and comedy. I'm a trained journalist, I have a journalism degree and I used to work as a journalist, but I've been a professional comedian for eleven years, and I don't know how to do anything else. You know, I can't do shit. I mean, I'm stuck - this is what I do. And I've been lucky to make a living doing comedy, because

this is all I know. My entire adult life has been basically being a stand up. I've been doing stand up for as long as I went to school... so think about how much of your life that was, how much you learnt and what sort of person you became in that time, and that's how long I've been a comedian. It's the most formative part of my life.

Do you have any advice for the impressionable youth of today?

Yeah, um... here's a thing - don't do ice. Have you heard that bad joke about doing ice - the best thing about doing ice is there's only three sleeps til Christmas? I mean, if the side effect of a drug is that you will sit in an emergency room masturbating in front of other people, I don't care how high that drug gets you, it's not worth it. There are plenty of other fun, recreational drugs on the market, I'm not saying don't do drugs, I'm just saying don't do ice. Yeah... don't take ice, kids. On a more serious note, I think I do have a bit of advice - if you can find something that you really love to do, then you can find a way to make a living doing that thing. That's the best bit of advice I was ever given.

Okay, some wrap up questions, just about some of your favourites. City?

Umm... I don't know. I have no favourite city. I haven't been everywhere, I feel it's hard to compare. I could say I really like New York for example, good place - but I've never been to Constantinople. I mean, Constantinople could kick New York's ass, I don't know.

Ice cream flavour?

Again, I don't like to discriminate because I love all ice cream. You know how some places have like 32 flavours and shit? Yeah, bring it on. I am seriously the head of United Nation of ice cream. Any flavour of ice cream you have, bring it to me.

Movie?

The Princess Bride (cue a short round of Princess Bride quoting from both of us).

Beatles song?

I change a bit... because it's classics, you go through periods where you love different ones. I'm a big George Harrison fan, controversial I know, but I love his stuff. I mean, I love 'Here Comes the Sun', a perfect pop song, and I always think George is underrated. I go for the underdog - but not the complete underdog, I mean I'm not going Ringo crazy.

Okay, this is my final question, and I know it's weird but bear with me... If you had to choose between potato or pasta for the rest of your life, which would you choose?

That's kind of like... have you ever played that game would you rather? It's a bit like that, only that's always bad things, like would you rather have sex with Amanda Vanstone or have to give Peter Costello a blow job... Well, anyway, potatoes for me.

Yes! (I cheer, because no one picks potato) Thank you. Everyone picks pasta.

Pasta, well, a bit overrated.

44 DO WHAT

YOU WIL

By Megan McKeough

WORON

BOOKS

RICHARD
DAWKINS

THE
GOD
DELUSION

The God
Delusion

Richard Dawkins
(Bantam Books)

The world is not used to atheists. It is perfectly acceptable to be agnostic or vaguely spiritual in some named or unnamed sense, but atheism - well, isn't that a bit arrogant? So, *The God Delusion* can be a bit hard to take at first since it's a book about why God does not exist and why religion is bad for society.

Richard Dawkins is a staunch atheist, and a vocal one. He found fame in the seventies after the publication of *The Selfish Gene*, a gene-centred explanation of the process of natural selection; he is now a public figure in debates about evolution and religion's place in education, government and society.

The God Delusion raises consciousness about atheism by explaining not only why existence of a (properly defined) god is so improbable that belief in one should be regarded as a delusion but that atheism is an intellectually, emotionally and morally fulfilling way of life.

Dawkins confronts those who argue that his stance requires as much 'faith' as a religious point of view by explaining that the existence of God, "a super-human, supernatural intelligence who deliberately designed and created the universe and everything in it, including us" is a hypothesis just like in any other scientific experiment. He goes on to find fault with arguments for God's existence and to show "Why there almost certainly is no God". In the face of such arguments, he claims, his stance is natural.

One of the reasons we are not used to outspoken atheists like Dawkins is that we are nervous about such a belligerent stance towards religion. After all, what has religion done to us? Isn't it basically a good thing? Maybe even if we don't believe in it should we just go along anyway? Dawkins confronts religious apologists almost as much as he confronts fundamentalists retorting with examples of religious justification to truly horrible acts throughout history and in current affairs, not the least of which is the interference by fundamentalist Christian groups in education through the intelligent design lobby.

All throughout *The God Delusion*, Dawkins' wit is as sharp as his observations and his insight is as clear as his argument. I still find his confrontational style difficult, but I'm convinced by the need for it. Fundamentalist influences in our society need to be held to account and criticism of religious views should not be withheld or seen as a faux pas. Read this book.

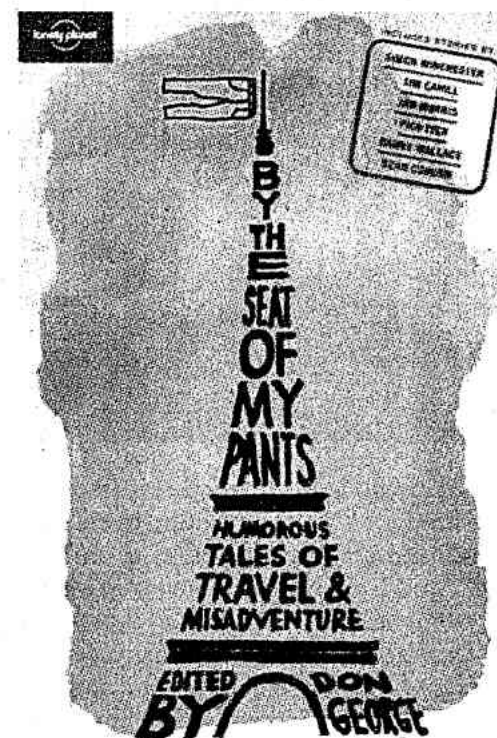
Charles Martin

I was embarrassed when I read the beginning of the blurb: If you don't pack your sense of humour with your sunscreen, sooner or later you'll get burned! Lonely Planet's compilation of travel stories, *By the Seat of my Pants*, is a cringe-worthy textual nugget, albeit extraordinarily rich in humour. Travel anecdotes are never really cosy, and the collection of stories here presents thirty-one globe-girdling tales, encompassing all aspects of global travel, from the purely physical sensation of being sticky from faeces and flies (Ethiopia) to the unbridled decadence of reclining on a private yacht with four bare-breasted women (Ibiza).

The humbling thing is that while some of these stories are extreme in taste and incidence, most are not unlike those many of us bandy about after having traversed the four corners. Just like hearing a friend's account of the treachery of the Muscovite taxi drivers and being able to emphatically exclaim "It happened to me too", there is something perversely comforting about reading about the traveller's misfortune. This collection of stories makes for appropriate bedtime reading with its soothing reassurance that you're not the only one who impulsively decided to visit the quaint town of Oaxaca while in Mexico, only to be stripped naked and beaten with branches. Or that despite all pretence of having your wits about you, you still found yourself trying to negotiate (and then renegotiate) a deal on the purchase of a Uzi 9mm while in Prague.

The laughter aside, it also serves as a more serious commentary on the essential nature of travel, survival, and what it means to lose your way and find it again. The selection of authors under George's editorial eye is impressive, all of them travellers (and storytellers) of renown, with tales from the likes of Simon Winchester and Wickham Boyle, as well as a tantalising smattering of short stories from previously unpublished writers making their debut. Buy it for a continent-hopping friend (and read it cover-to-cover before you pass it along).

Ebony Wimmler



By the Seat of my Pants: Humorous Tales of Travel and Misadventure

Don George (editor)
(Lonely Planet Publications)

WORONI

Film



Letters from Iwo Jima

By Jonathan Fisher

3/10
Perfume: The Story of a Murderer



There's no great need for another war film, but Clint Eastwood has managed to clear a space on the cluttered shelf that holds *Paths of Glory*, *Patton*, *Apocalypse Now* and *Saving Private Ryan*. Where those films were exuberant in their portrayal of war and battle, *Iwo Jima* tries to outmanoeuvre them emotionally. This is Eastwood's companion piece to *Flags of Our Fathers*, and completes his analysis of 1944's pivotal battle for the island of Iwo Jima, and *Letters* shows the battle from the perspective of the losers. While it would be good to see both films in conjunction with each other, *Iwo Jima* works just as well standing on its own.

Eastwood maintains a tone of sobriety throughout *Iwo Jima*: even the battle scenes, while visually magnificent, feel muted and sombre. Eastwood patiently observes the battle, rather than making it a spectacle. He relies on the characters to tell the story, and outstanding performances from Ken Watanabe as General Kuribayashi and Japanese singing star Kazanuri Ninoyima as Saigo prevent the film from losing its human core. The film explores Japanese ideology and battle mentality with great sensitivity: this is not a damnation of the Japanese soldiers or their culture. There is a scene of mass harikari which works beautifully, but not as a criticism of the act itself. While it would have been easy for Eastwood to show the Japanese as 'the enemy', he paints them with equal amounts of humanity and brutality; just as we have seen from American soldiers in other films.

Letters from Iwo Jima is not a perfect film; at 140 minutes, it feels slightly too long, and we get the feeling that we've seen this kind of film before, only without the Japanese angle. But Eastwood observes the Japanese plight with insight, sympathy and, in a way, admiration.

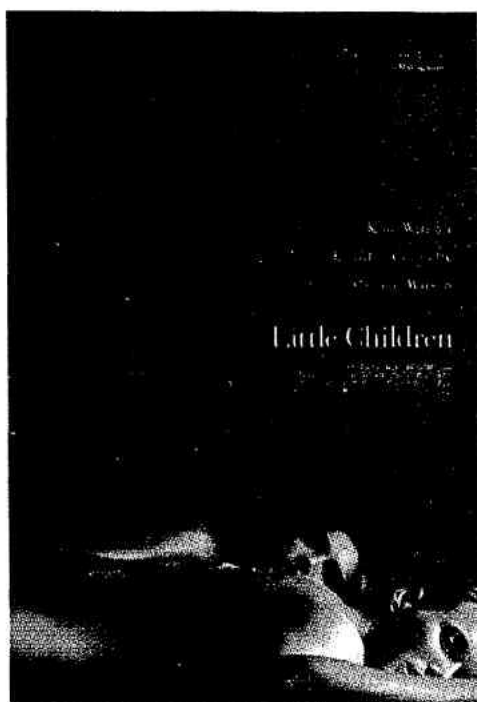
The ANU Film Group is screening *Letters from Iwo Jima* Thursday 7 June

During the course of *Perfume*, we see a woman give birth alone while attending a fish vendor and kick her baby under a table, a cat being distilled, a prostitute get her arm covered in wax, and a house fall on Dustin Hoffman's head. I have been torturing myself wondering why anyone would think this is gripping and powerful, and I must admit defeat. I hesitate to call any film "bad" because the word "bad" implies a certain sinister or evil quality. *Perfume* is a truly bad movie.

Chronicling the life of Jean-Baptiste Grenouille (played by the inept Ben Whishaw), a 18th century Frenchman born with a superior sense of smell, *Perfume* has great production values. Tom Tykwer (director of the contemporary classic *Run Lola Run*) does as much as he can with the story he has been given, and it is, beautifully directed in an ugly kind of way. But, while close-ups of rotting fish and then Grenouille's nose sniffing may succeed in visualising the power of scent for a while, it doesn't work over 2 and a half hours. Grenouille apprentices himself to Baldini (Dustin Hoffman), an expert perfumer, where he becomes obsessed with preserving scent. Then he starts killing virgins, Jack-the-Ripper-style (you don't want to know why).

Then there's the ending. It's the sort of thing you either buy into or you don't, and I didn't. The film needed to have created a stronger sense of the power of smell for it to work, but all we had for 2 hours were close-ups on Ben Whishaw's nose.

I've reviewed films for *Woroni* for about a year now, and hope to review films for many years to come. I am yet to deliberately attempt one of those dreadful puns most film critics are prone to, but I believe I am entitled to just one, in this case: *Perfume* stinks!



Little Children

6/10

By Jonathan Fisher

American Beauty has a lot to answer for. In Todd Field's new film *Little Children*, the director of the brilliant *In the Bedroom*, wants to show us what we can't see: that the American dream isn't what it used to be, and lurking underneath every seemingly-perfect suburban life is a darkness and desperation. It helps if there's a paedophile (Jackie Earle Haley, who deserved an Oscar that he didn't get for his performance) living down the street.

You won't find a film with a bunch of performances better than in *Little Children*; they're all outstanding. Sarah Pierce (Kate Winslet) and Brad Adamson (Patrick Wilson) are at the heart of the film. Brad is married to the beautiful Kathy (Jennifer Connelly), a documentary maker who seems to engage more with her films' subjects than she does with her husband and children. They are an attractive couple, with attractive children and an attractive house. In a film like *Little Children*, we all know that a marriage like that ain't gonna last.

The film tries its hardest to make us think that it is deep and meaningful, but I am afraid that it is not. *American Beauty* looked at a pathetic 40-something man trapped in his own life and found something to smile about, but *Little Children* looks at suburban America and wants to slit its wrists.

The finale of the film has all of the characters colliding (à la *Magnolia* and *Crash*), and it's tantamount to a slap in the face. There are just so many characters; Field tries his best to keep a handle on all of them, it's almost as if he loses faith in his characters, and the film changes from being a carefully-paced character study to being a sensationalist "event" picture. When the most well-rounded and, dare I say it, likable character in a film about suburban degradation is a convicted paedophile, is it time to pull back and look up the word "subtlety" in the dictionary?

The ANU Film Group is screening *Little Children* Thursday 10 May

7/10
Megan McKeough

Hot Fuzz



There are few certainties in life, but one of them is definitely that when it comes to taking the piss, the British do it best. *Hot Fuzz* is fantastically farcical, splendidly satirical, and full of exaggerated, splatter-rific gore.

Sergeant Nicholas Angel (Simon Pegg) moves from the London police service to the little village of Sandford, where he soon discovers that all is not what it seems. What seems a quaint town of floral arrangements and friendly neighbours is soon revealed to be a veritable cesspool of murder, cover-ups and shady behaviour. What ho! Struggling past the Sandford police service's indifference and slight ineptitude, headed by Inspector Frank Butterman (Jim Broadbent), Angel is determined to get to the bottom of the murders (which appear to be 'accidents'), with the help of the bumbling but endearing PC Danny Butterman (Nick Frost).

Director Edgar Wright (*Shaun of the Dead*) does a great job making *Hot Fuzz* a fairly well-paced, light-hearted film. Smart-ass visual and audio jokes are as free-flowing as beer at happy hour, with very few of them falling flat.

Towards the end there are some odd plot revelations, but the pace soon picks up and Wright makes the end so much bloody fun that it makes up for some weaker plot turns. Stylistically, Wright merrily imitates the quick cuts and snappy sound effects of police action movies and TV shows, and CSI-esque sequences are used to good effect. Huzzah!

I didn't know what to expect when I walked into the cinema (having never heard of the film before), but nearly fell over when Martin Freeman, Steve Coogan and Bill Nighy all appeared on screen at once (I believe I squealed with delight). Other fun cameos include Bill Bailey, and all of the leading actors are in fine form. Yes, *Hot Fuzz* is a bit ridiculous, but that's the point and it's fabulous fun. Jolly good!

WORONI

JONNO vs MEGAN



Megan McKeough

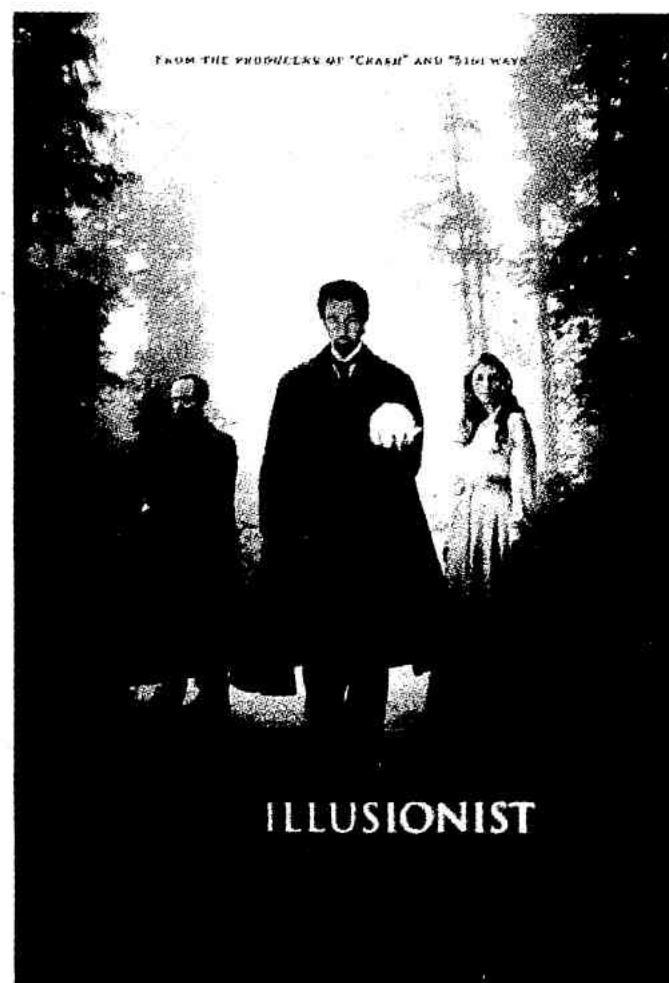
The Illusionist is not worth your time, your money, or your sympathy. Director Neil Burger takes what could be a mildly interesting story and turns it into a ridiculous mess. Edward Norton plays Eisenheim, an illusionist in Vienna who, while doing a successful run of shows, comes across his long-lost childhood sweetheart who of course is now all grown up and seeing a real douchebag (who also happens to be a prince). Cheating, murder, investigation and magical wonderment ensue, with Paul Giamatti as the police officer trying to get to the bottom of things and Jessica Biel as said sweetheart. I won't elaborate on the story much more, as it will only make the film sound more interesting than it really is.

When considering this film, let's put aside the odd casting and focus on the absurdly bewildering plot (does Burger not understand that flashbacks usually link up at some recognisable point?), irritatingly indeterminable accents and overdone, fake looking magic tricks. Yes, the colours in the film are beautiful, but only bring to attention the bemusing order of the film, and the sometimes thoroughly inappropriate score. Voiceovers spring out of nowhere, and the ending is irritating rather than clever. Overall, this film left me feeling wronged.

Jonathan Fisher

I agree, and while I didn't hate the movie as much as Megan did, and I think the biggest problem for me was that I guessed the twist very early on, basically as the pivotal scene that tries to flummox us happens. And, I don't like it when characters laugh to themselves when they work out the twist. I also found it amusing that, despite the setting, there was no German – they only had the budget for accents. If Mel Gibson had directed this, you'd be sure that 19th Century German and all of its idioms would have made their way into the production. The characterisation was pretty second-rate: Rufus Sewell was a moustache-twiddling villain, and Ed Norton does the best he can to be mysterious (it helps when you have CGI doing the magic tricks for you) with what the script gives him. The film's only saving grace is Paul Giamatti. Comparisons to *The Prestige* are inevitable, but they really are different films. *The Illusionist* is for romantics, while *The Prestige* is for action fans. But *The Prestige* is the more successful film. Do yourself a favour, instead of forking out 15 bucks to see *The Illusionist*, go out and rent *The Prestige*.

The Illusionist



THE 79TH ANNUAL ACADEMY AWARDS WRAP

By Jonathan Fisher

It's that time of year again; time for the back-slapping, self-congratulatory orgy that is the Oscars. I often joke to my friends that if I recorded the Oscars, it would be possible to whittle down the best, most interesting parts of the nearly 4-hour-long ceremony into 60 minutes. About 20 seconds into Ellen DeGeneres and a gospel choir clad in white bed sheets running through the aisles of the Kodak Entertainment Centre singing "Oscar Nominees, this Night's for you", I wished I had recorded it so that, with a contemptuous push of my remote control, I could fast-forward through it. This year's ceremony was unspeakably lame. Who could have possibly thought that the "sound effects chorus" was a good idea?

I was telling everyone that the Oscars this year would be boring to watch because almost all the big awards were virtual lock-ins: it is now time to eat those words (although, most of the big awards went as expected). Out of 21 categories (I don't try to predict the three short film sections), I only got 11 right, at a piss-poor 52%. First, Alan Arkin walked up to receive the Best Supporting Actor award, and not Eddie Murphy. I guess too many Academy voters saw Murphy's other film this year, *Norbit*. Then, the Academy completely blind-sided me by picking *The Departed* as Best Picture. For as long as I can remember, the Best Picture award has gone to "message" pictures (e.g. *Schindler's List*, *Crash*), films that have had something to say, politically or morally. *The Departed* is a damn fine

crime/action thriller, one of the most entertaining and well-crafted of the year. It's also not the kind of film that usually wins Best Picture (*GoodFellas*, one of the best and most decisive gangster films ever made, for example, lost to *Dances with Wolves* in 1991). For this change in attitude, I thank the Academy. Germany's *The Lives of Others* also walked away with Best Foreign Language Film, usurping the overwhelming favourite, Mexico's *Pan's Labyrinth*. In the animated feature section, *Happy Feet* over *Cars*? I don't think so!! Hasn't anyone noticed how creepy those penguins are up close? Especially compared to Mater and Luigi. And Helen Mirren, in presenting the Best Screenplay based on Previous Material award, had to read out the full title of *Borat* – hilarious.

Martin Scorsese, at long last, won his Best Director Oscar (and *The Departed* isn't even his best film!). Ennio Morricone, my favourite film composer, was awarded an honorary Oscar. And Jerry Seinfeld (man, I miss that show) was priceless presenting the Best Documentary Oscar, which went, unsurprisingly, to *An Inconvenient Truth*. Incidentally, Al Gore needs to stop saying "political will is a renewable resource". And, as expected, the Best Actor and Actress Oscars went, deservedly, to Forest Whitaker (*The Last King of Scotland*) and Helen Mirren (*The Queen*), who delivered the best and only memorable speech of the night, relying on grace and poise instead of an endless list of "thank yous" to people no one has heard of.

The ceremony was presented with its usual amount of smugness and arrogance, with the odd surge of self-indulgence. Every time the winners of the smaller awards went over their speech's 30 second time limit, they'd be ushered off with a swell of strings and a faceless tuxedo-clad man, while the winners of the acting categories carried on for as long as they liked. The tribute to the Foreign Film Academy Award managed to reduce half a century of brilliant movies into three minutes of clichéd scenes of lovers kissing and sappy string arrangements. And the Academy gave the Oscar for Best Supporting Actress to Jennifer Hudson. No, Oscar, no! Just because she's an American Idol finalist doesn't mean you should lower your standards when watching her performance! For my money, Cate Blanchett gave us the best supporting performance of the year in *Notes on a Scandal*, closely followed by Abigail Breslin in *Little Miss Sunshine*, the year's biggest (and best) sleeper hit.

WORON

All that being said, there are certain things I love about the Oscars: Jack Nicholson's smile (he always looks as though he's getting away with something), the terrible scripted banter that the presenters are given by the teleprompter, the way the "in memoriam" list always brings a tear to my eye, and the manner in which the Academy boils the performance of a talented actor down to a single line from their film, taken out of context, that usually goes something like, "I AM HIS FATHER! HIS FATHER SHOULD HAVE PROTECTED HIM!!" And sometimes, just sometimes, the Academy gets it right. So, despite my cynicism, long live Oscar and his (not always earned) self-congratulatory air of accomplishment.

Now that I've put in my two cents on the Oscar results, here is my list of what I think are the ten best films of 2006. Here they are, with some honourable mentions.

Honourable mentions go to: *An Inconvenient Truth*, *Babel*, *Borat*, *Caché (Hidden)*, *Casino Royale*, *Children of Men*, *C.R.A.Z.Y.*, *Jindabyne*, *Kenny*, *Letters from Iwo Jima*, *Little Fish*, *Little Miss Sunshine*, *Superman Returns*, *Volver*, *V for Vendetta*.

Regarding the worst motion picture of the year, my vote goes for one film and one film only: *The Pink Panther*.

10. THE GOOD SHEPHERD
9. BLOOD DIAMOND
8. THE LAST KING OF SCOTLAND
7. STRANGER THAN FICTION
6. ISOTSI
5. THE THREE BURIALS OF MELOUIADES ESTRADA
4. EL LABERINTO DEL FAUNO (PAN'S LABYRINTH)
3. THE QUEEN
2. THE DEPARTED
1. UNITED 93

THEY'RE EVERYWHERE...

They're in Copland, Law, Menzies, BoZo, Engineering, Peter Baume, John Denman, CSIT, Baldessen...

In fact, with over 1,200 computers on campus, they are probably in a building near you!

So if you're looking for a computer, don't just look in Chifley and Hancock.

To find a location pick up a Pocket iGuide

or visit <http://infocommons.anu.edu.au>

JB CHIFLEY

There are Information Commons everywhere!

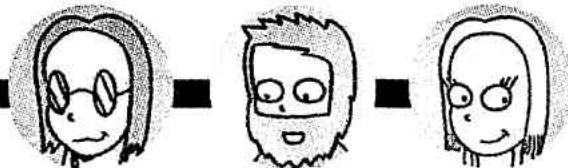
whats on march

Miss Australia: A Nation's Quest: 9 March to 12 June, National Museum of Australia, free
Cirque du Soleil - Varekai: 15 March to 8 April, adults from \$59
LOOK: The Visual Arts Graduate Season: 15 March to 23 March, School of Art Gallery
Luka Bloom with Sabrina Dinan: 19-21 March, Tilley's, \$45
Chinese New Year Spectacular: 20-21 March, Canberra Theatre, from \$34.20
Musica Viva, Artemis Quartet: 22 March, Llewellyn Hall, from \$15
Weird Al Yankovic: 24 March, Canberra Theatre, \$79.90 + bf
Impro Action: final Sunday of every month, The Street Theatre, \$15-\$18
Keating: 26-31 March, The Playhouse, sold out
INXS, Simple Minds and Arrested Development: 27 March, AIS Arena, \$99
Wolfmother: 29 March, UC Bar (over 18s only)
Falling in Love Again: 30 March, The Street Theatre, \$30
V Festival (including The Pixies, Per Shop Boys, Beck, Jarvis Cocker and more): 31 March, Sydney, \$124.40
Klaus Moje: Glass: 31 March - 10 June, Canberra Museum and Gallery
The Waifs: 4 April, Tilley's, sold out
Eric Burdon and The Animals: 4 April, The Basement, Circular Quay, \$66 + bf
Ben Harper and the Innocent Criminals: 4-5 April, Enmore Theatre, \$85 + bf, 4 April sold out
Melbourne International Comedy Festival (including Dylan Moran, Wil Anderson and more): 4-29 April, Melbourne
East Coast Blues and Roots Festival (including Ben Harper and the Innocent Criminals, Ozoatli, Dave Matthews Band and more): 5-9 April,
Byron Bay, day tickets \$100, sold out except Thursday
The Great Escape (including The Roots, Gomez and more): 6-8 April, \$85-\$195+bf
Hancock Basement: 14 April, Transit Bar 10pm
Dylan Moran: 17 April and 4 May, Canberra Theatre, sold out
Grace Crowley: being modern: until 6 May, National Gallery of Australia, free
Liz Perry Textile Collection: until 20 May, Canberra Museum and Gallery

EUGENE!

BY LINUS LANE

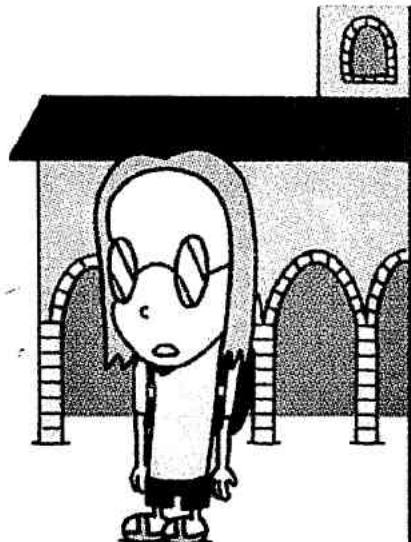
www.theunibin.com



UNIVERSITY... WOW! I CAN'T BELIEVE I ACTUALLY MADE IT! I'M ON MY OWN NOW! IT'S ME VERSUS THE WORLD... YEAH, INDEPENDENCE



I'VE GOTTA WATCH MY OWN BACK, MAKE NEW FRIENDS, & EMBRACE A NEW LIFESTYLE! THIS IS ONE CHALLENGE I'M GONNA ENJOY!



MY OLD SCHOOL FRIENDS! THANK GOD!



Linus L.

WHY ARE THERE PEOPLE AT UNI TODAY? I THOUGHT WE STARTED IN A COUPLE OF WEEKS, BUT EVERYONE'S TURNED UP THIS WEEK



EXCUSE ME... HI... WOULD YOU BE ABLE TO TELL ME IF UNI STARTS THIS WEEK?



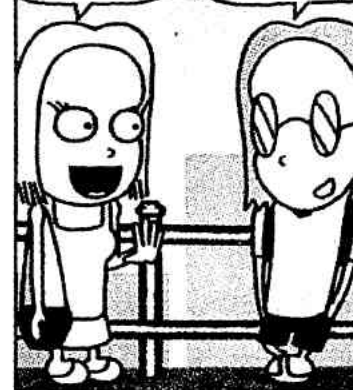
UH... NO... THIS IS O-WEEK...



...SO I'VE MISSED LIKE AN ENTIRE SEMESTER!!

Linus L.

HI! I'M SALLY!



REMEMBER STUDENTS... THIS WEEK IS THE TIME TO BE INTRODUCING YOURSELF TO FELLOW STUDENTS!



TALK TO THEM! GET TO KNOW THEM! TELL THEM ABOUT YOURSELF!

I'M FROM THE OUTER SUBURBS AND I'M DOING AN ARTS COURSE THIS YEAR BECAUSE EVER SINCE I WAS A KID I'VE LOVED ART, WHETHER IT WAS WRITING, DRAWING, OR SIMPLY MAKING THINGS OUT OF CARDBOARD BOXES AND TOILET ROLLS... WHAT ABOUT YOU?



HI! I'M SALLY!

HI! I'M DAVID!



Linus L.

GORGE MONEY!

**WORON NEEDS
A COMIC. DO
YOU NEED \$50?**

**Do you, like, make comics? Why
not send one into Woron! We're
running a wee comic talent
competition this issue. The best
entry will get a sneaky \$50- t**

WORON

Nef
378.947
WOR

Save Heaps!

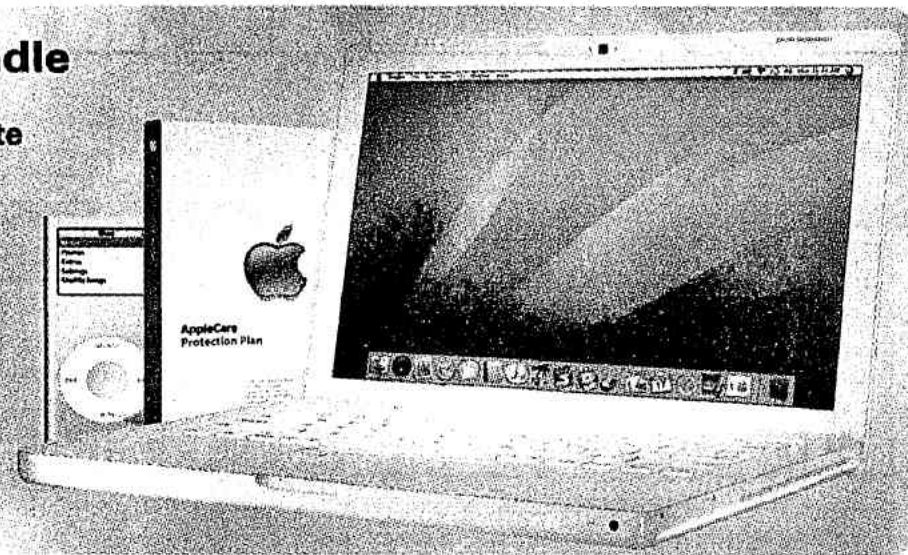
Education Only \$199 Rebate.

A Mac is the perfect companion. You can use Microsoft Office to get your work done, and then do things like blogging, podcasting and video chatting, right out of the box. And right now when you buy a qualifying Mac and an iPod you'll get \$199 back.

Check out these great bundles to get you started!

MAC1 Back To Uni, Good Bundle

MacBook 1.83GHz Intel Core 2 Duo - White
1.83GHz Intel Core 2 Duo
512MB 667 DDR SDRAM - 2x256
60GB Serial ATA @ 5400 rpm
Combo Drive (DVD-ROM/CD-RW)
AirPort Extreme/Bluetooth 2.0 Built-In
AppleCare Protection Plan for MacBook
STM Small Alley Laptop Bag
2GB Silver iPod Nano



Only \$2,026.40* inc GST

MAC1 Back To Uni, Best Bundle

MacBook 2.00GHz Intel Core 2 Duo - Black
2.00GHz Intel Core 2 Duo
1GB 667 DDR SDRAM - 2x512
120GB Serial ATA @ 5400 rpm
Super Drive (DVD±RW/CD-RW)
AirPort Extreme/Bluetooth 2.0 Built-In
AppleCare Protection Plan for MacBook
STM Small Alley Laptop Bag
8GB Black iPod Nano



Only \$ 2,772.60* inc GST

Microsoft Office 2004 for Mac - EDU Edition Includes Word, Excel, PowerPoint & Entourage - \$249!

Call 1300 655 088 or visit www.mac1.com.au for more information!

*Price shown after Mail-in Rebate and is only valid for staff and students of qualifying institutions. Terms and conditions apply. Offer ends 16/4/07.

AppleCentre Canberra City | T 02 4228 4989 | F 02 4227 5726 | Cnr Barry Driv & North Road, ACTON | E canberra@mac1.com.au

